VOGUE

APRIL 15

60c

Fashions people are talking about...

What has fashion-futurity
What whets the accessory sense
Who can wear what

Most valuable
30 seconds in
your daily make-up

"The Unwilling Ear–
or How to
Miss the Fun"



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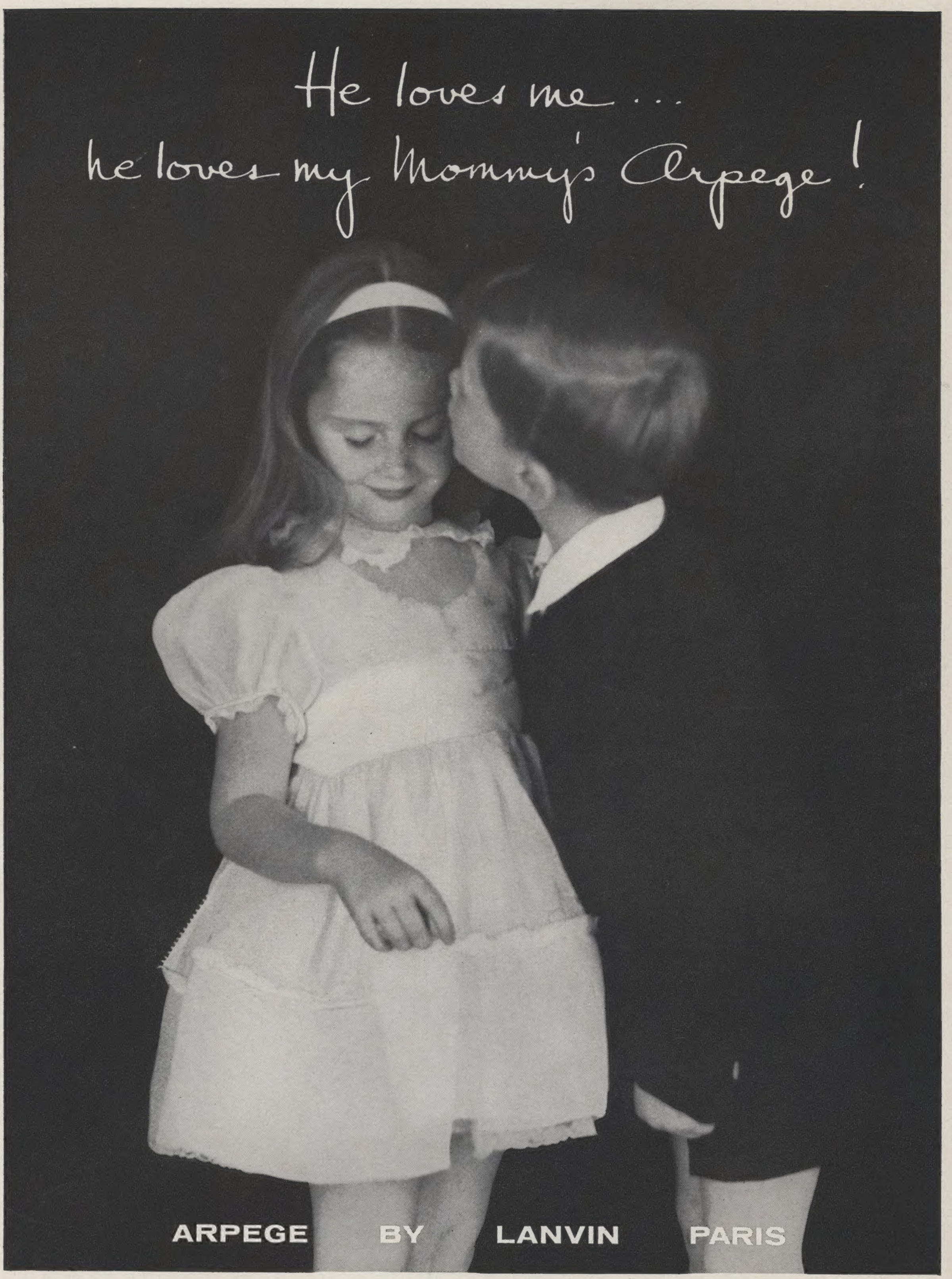
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Miss Bergdorf



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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET


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he loves my Mommy's Arpege!
ARPEGE BY LANVIN PARIS

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

APRIL 15, 1960



LEOMBRUNO-BOBI

COVER

The great T-shirt dress revival—one example here, as smart as paint in cool, swimmy pin stripes, one of a group in black and white especially designed for Vogue (the rest, pages 102 to 105). The waistline is lightly shirred, the skirt, slim and easy. By Sportwhirl of Permathal Everglaze knitted cotton by Alamac; about $18. Laguna necklaces. All at Peck & Peck. Dress, also Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Lipstick on the tide of black and white: Dana's new colour, Bon Voyage Red.

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Vol. 135 No. 8
Whole No. 2038

Dew-sparkled ROSES, A SPANGLING OF CRYSTALLINE SEQUINS ON OUR AL FRESCO SHEATH, 69.95

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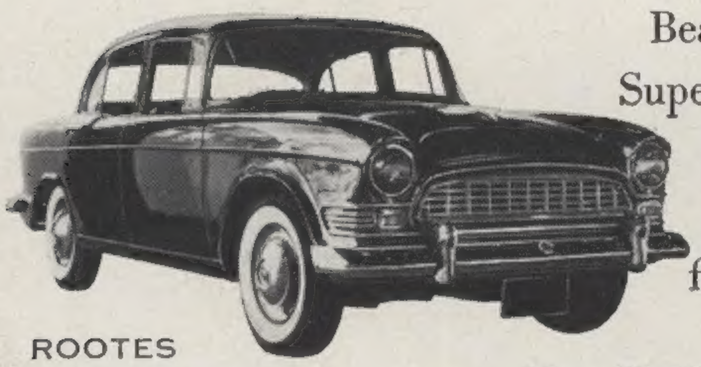
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FASHION...

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and
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Designers
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the
beat of
fashion
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Perfume, twelve-fifty to sixty-five dollars; in purse flacon, four dollars and six-fifty.
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Now at fragrance and Revlon departments in the most distinguished stores.



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ALL GLOVES OF DU PONT STRETCH NYLON BY FOWNES.

The look of tweed, the lightness of air, the chic of Adele Simpson—fashion togetherness that sets a new pace in dress-plus-jacket costuming. And the beginning of it all is 65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber blended with 35% cotton by Galey & Lord. "Dacron", bringing this Jacquard such shape retention, such body and freshness that summer travel almost begs for it! In light cherry, silver birch, pine dust, tan bark. 8 to 16. About $125. At I. Magnin & Co., California and Seattle; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Houston; Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Mo.; Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.



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Fluted pleats, unfurling gently, gently, in a sudden drift of fawn over palest grey—this airy rebuttal to summer by Donald Brooks for Townley. And the beginning of it all is "Dacron"* polyester fiber blended with cotton by Fabrex. "Dacron", making a city sophisticate of gossamer voile, keeping every pleat beautiful, uncrushable—ready to drift anew. In marvelous new tri-colors of grey-fawn-rust or cucumber-watercress-pimento. Sizes 6 to 16. About $90. At I. Magnin, California and Seattle; Bramson's, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and Houston; Lord & Taylor, New York; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

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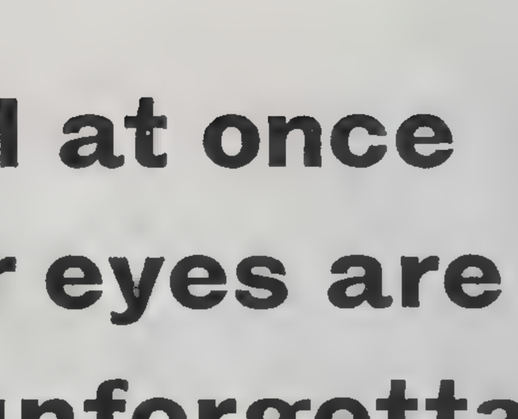
All at once your eyes are unforgettable

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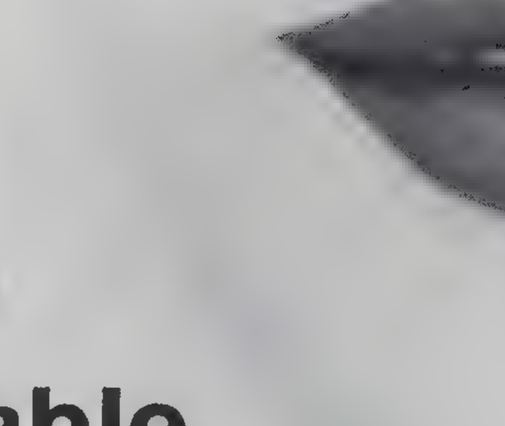
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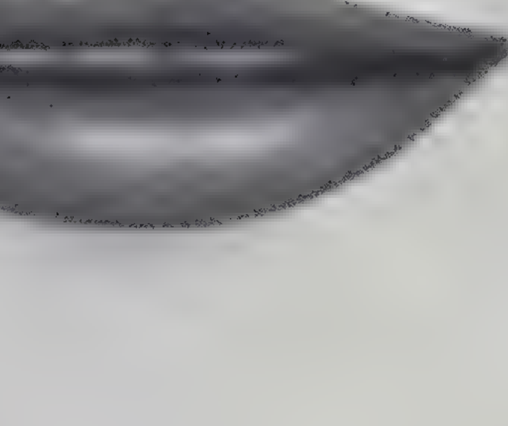
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for summer in town

all cotton ensemble by Adele Simpson



Cotton time is all the time. And summer time is the best time of all for cotton. Cotton looks so cool; cotton feels so cool; cotton is so cool! Nothing else basks in the sun so beautifully; nothing else flatters under the moon so romantically; nothing else reflects the summer mood so charmingly. Cotton's always the right fashion; cotton's always the high fashion for high temperature; cotton's always the fashion that makes you feel as smart as you look. National Cotton Council, Memphis—New York.

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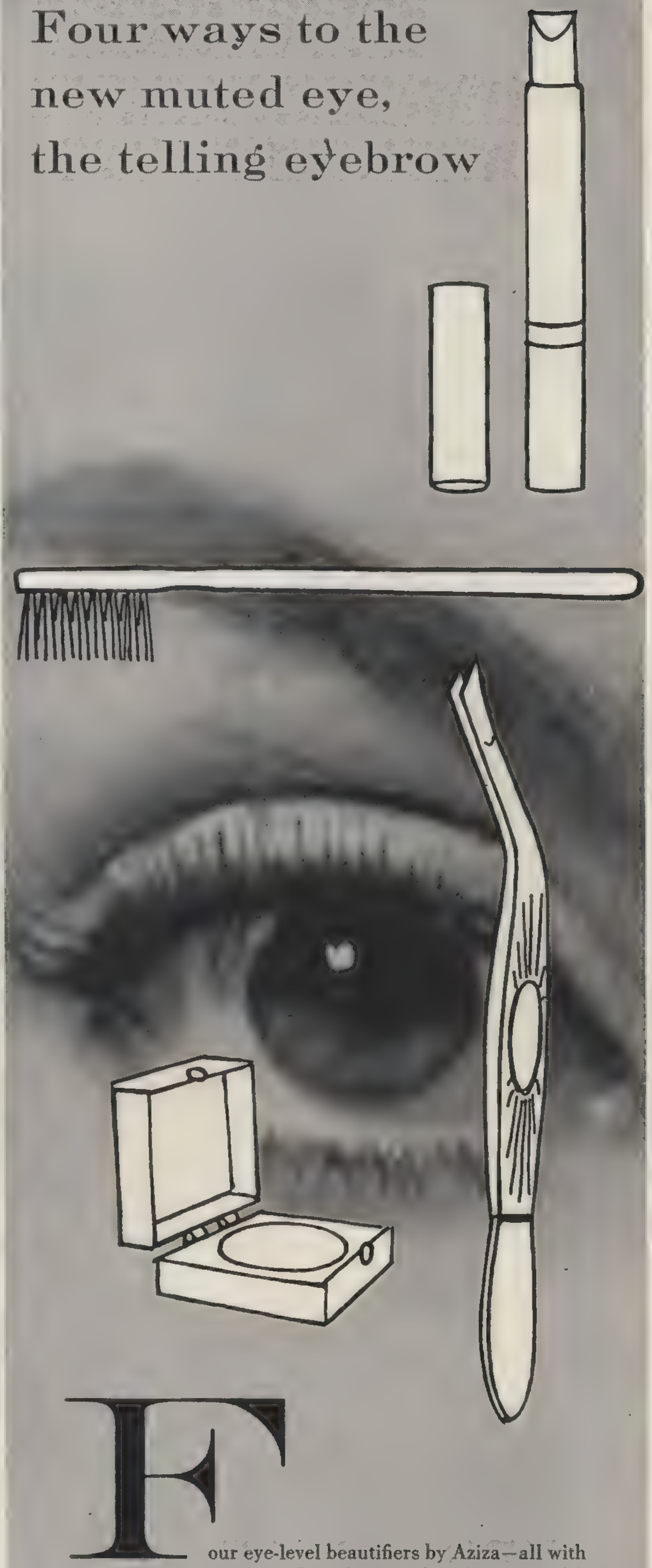


It's wonderful to own Wallace!

that's the word for the classic symmetry of Melanie, a new and striking pattern in fine Wallace Sterling. Shown: Place fork, $7.85. Six-piece place-setting in heavy sterling silver, $38.75. At the finest jewelry and department stores. All prices include Federal Tax.

WALLACE
SILVERSMITHS
. . . at Wallingford, Conn. since 1835

Four ways to the new muted eye, the telling eyebrow



Four eye-level beautifiers by Aziza—all with special relevance for the clear, firmly defined 1960 eye, the telling eyebrow. The eye-shadow stick, top, Robin Blue, is one of Aziza's range of soft, muted shades (for the muted eye look, see page 99). Below, left, Oversheen—a silvery, iridescent, eye-shadow cream, evening emphasis for bright, unclouded eyes: to wear alone or over non-silvered shadow. Eyebrow aids above: a brush with an extra long handle, a good dense clump of bristles; tweezers, angled for easy brow-plucking. All, with other products from the wide-ranging Aziza group, at Bonwit Teller.

The amphibious coat



The 1960-isms here are the black and white checking, the stand-away collar. Other virtues, not to be ignored: the coat is not only amphibious, it's reversible. Here you see its sunny weather talents; with boots and a head scarf it could be the answer for a rainy day. The checked side (woven cotton) is backed by a flip side of red cotton poplin—both sides, Zelan-processed. By Main Street, about $35; at Bergdorf Goodman; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Back-of-the-head bulb hat, a black and white leaf print on silk; by Mr. John.

rich!



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that's the word for the elegance of Grande Baroque, a magnificent pattern in fine Wallace Sterling silver. Shown above: luncheon fork, $10.50. Six-piece place-setting in heavy sterling, $45.00. At the finest jewelry and department stores. All prices include Federal Tax.

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American Viscose Corporation makes the acetate fiber—Louis LeVine & Sons, Inc., Genessee Street at Central Parkway, Cincinnati 2, Ohio, makes the dress.

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pro-me-nons!
(let's walk!)



To walk

is to float

is to shop

is to stop

is to hum

is to stroll

is to view

is to ooooh!



is to thrill

to go uphill

and down . . .

out and around . .

here, there,

and everywhere

in Haymakers!







Wherever you go...the word for walking is

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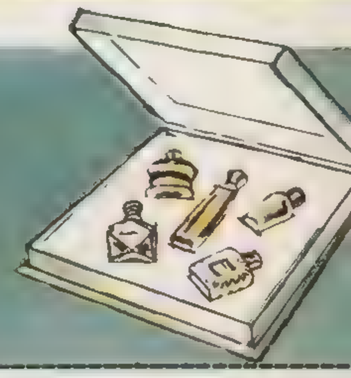
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The newest way to wear a print: twice over—in coat and dress. Here the print is an impressionistic textured silk in honeyed brown and black. The coat, a belted tunic, skims —at the seven-eighths mark—a slim, short-sleeved sheath. By Georgia Bullock, about $160. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's-Wilshire. Sally Victor hat, a sombrero-sized cloche of black, rough straw with black grosgrain cockade trim.



HART

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RECIPES FROM SPAIN

BY MARION W. FLEXNER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here, from restaurants and houses in Spain, six ideas, each a potential menu-refresher, none beyond the range of supermarket shopping. (The ragout of lamb, incidentally, is delicious served with saffron rice.)

From the Castellana Hilton, Madrid

ANDALUSIAN GAZPACHO

Gazpacho is generally served ice-cold with croutons in a soup tureen or similar dish.

1 lb. tomatoes
½ lb. cucumber
2 medium green peppers
1 clove garlic
3 to 5 oz. soft bread crumbs
⅒ pint oil
⅒ pint vinegar
2 pints very cold water

Pound garlic and salt in a mortar; add bread crumbs moistened with vinegar and work into a paste. Add two-thirds of the tomatoes, mash, add heart of the cucumber and two or three pieces of the peel. Sieve to purée texture. Place in a bowl and mix with the rest of the tomatoes, diced; the pulp of the cucumber, diced small; the green pepper, diced.

Chill in the refrigerator. Before serving, stir in the oil and water. Add salt and vinegar to taste.

From the Palace Hotel, Madrid

FILET OF SOLE WITH ORANGE
(4 servings)

4 pieces of sole (one serving each)
4 tablespoons olive oil
6 small shallots, minced with green tops
½ lb. slivered mushrooms
½ cup white wine
⅛ teaspoon soy sauce
¼ cup orange juice
2 to 3 tablespoons curaçao
¼ teaspoon salt or more to taste
Black pepper to taste
⅛ teaspoon M.S.G. (monosodium glutamate)
2 tablespoons minced parsley
Paprika for garnishing

In Spain this dish is served on an oblong copper or aluminum baking dish with two handles, but any shallow baking dish will do. Place half the oil in the bottom of the dish. Cover with half the shallots and half the mushrooms. Salt and pepper the fillets and sprinkle with soy sauce and a bit of M.S.G. Lay them over the vegetables. Add the rest of the oil and vegetables, the wine, orange juice and curaçao. Sprinkle with more salt and a little more freshly-ground pepper. Place in a preheated 350 degree oven and leave for 40 to 45 minutes, or until everything in pan seems done and top is lightly browned. Garnish with parsley and paprika and send to the table while still sizzling.

From the Venta de Aires Restaurant, Toledo

RAGOUT OF LAMB
(4 servings)

1½ lbs. lean lamb cut from the leg (make into 1½-inch cubes)
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup consommé
Salt and black pepper to taste
Chopped parsley for garnishing
3 tablespoons olive oil
¼ cup sherry
1 clove garlic minced
1 dessertspoon lemon or lime juice

Sprinkle cubes of meat with salt, pepper, and dredge in flour. Heat oil in a skillet and brown meat. Add all other ingredients except lime or lemon juice and let come to a boil. Pour into a casserole. Cover the dish. Set in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, and leave from 1 to 1½ hours until lamb tests very done. Do not cook dry—add more consommé if necessary. Add lime or lemon juice and serve at once over saffron rice. Sprinkle chopped parsley generously over the lamb.

From the Hotel Simón, Cordova

HERBED ANCHOVY DRESSING
(For mixed salad greens)

Serve separately from the salad, in a small wooden bowl, and let each guest help himself. The dressing should be thick and needs to be mixed well before each portion is ladled out of the bowl. Store in a jar in the icebox.

1 small onion, minced
1 can flat anchovy fillets and anchovy oil (small can)
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon each of dried basil, thyme, and orégano
⅓ cup wine vinegar (use part sherry vinegar if you can find it)
1 button garlic, minced
1 tablespoon tomato catsup
⅔ cup Spanish (or Italian) olive oil
Extra salt and black pepper to taste

In the bottom of a wooden bowl, place garlic and onion. Add herbs and anchovies and their oil. Mash to a pulp with a wooden spoon or potato masher, or mix in a mortar with a pestle. Add seasonings and oil. Beat with a fork to mix. Taste before adding extra salt, as often the anchovies will make the dressing salty enough.

ANIS-STEEPED MELON

Our Spanish friends told us about this recipe, and while I never tasted it in Spain I have had it several times since our return. We take a large syringe and squirt 2 ounces of anis (the sweet variety) from the Asturias, into the centre of a cantaloupe or honey dew melon. This is allowed to steep in the refrigerator overnight. Before serving, the melon is cut and the liquor collected, then poured into a pitcher. A section of the melon is served each guest and a bit of anis-melon juice poured over each section. Different and interesting.

Note: If you have no syringe, cut off the end of the melon and stand it up in a saucepan or dish so that the inside juices do not escape. Add the anis and put the top back on, securing it with toothpicks. Place in the refrigerator and proceed as directed above.

From the Albergue de Carretera of Manzanares

APRICOT ALMOND MERINGUE TORTE
(6 large, 9 average, servings)

This is a variation of Genoese pastry made with olive oil instead of melted butter.

1 cup sifted flour
1 cup sifted sugar
6 eggs, at room temperature
½ cup chopped or grated blanched toasted almonds
¼ cup olive oil at room temperature
½ teaspoon vanilla or rind of ½ lemon
½ teaspoon orange flower water or almond extract
1 cup apricot jam or marmalade

In the top of a double boiler place eggs and sugar and beat with an old-fashioned wire whisk or an electric whipper or beater, over simmering water until mixture is light, bubbly, and has increased in volume until almost doubled. Take off the stove and

(Continued on page 58)



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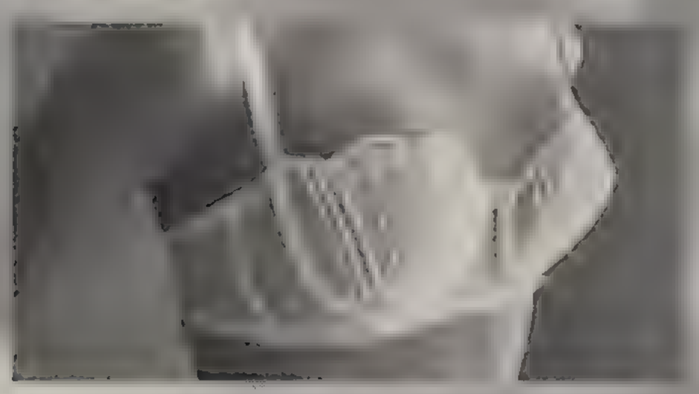
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Above, stag's head, with a pine face, real antlers, $120.

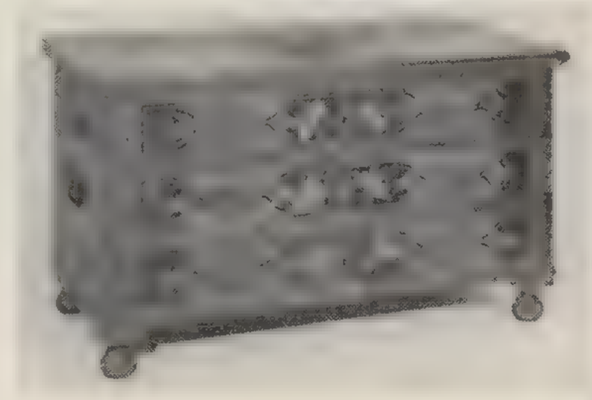
From Austria and Bavaria—to buy





Above, provincial pine chest, its serpentined front touched with brass, $350. *Left*, clockwise: pine-tree-carved tub, about 1820, of unstained pine. A foot across, $80. From the same era, the inlaid-walnut salt box is looped for hanging, $60. The wooden dish looks like a hat, was a hat mould, costs about $95.





Above, wallpaper striped with gentians, from which the Tyrolese make schnapps. Blues on white, $9.75 a roll, made to order by Woodson Wallpapers, at Lord & Taylor.

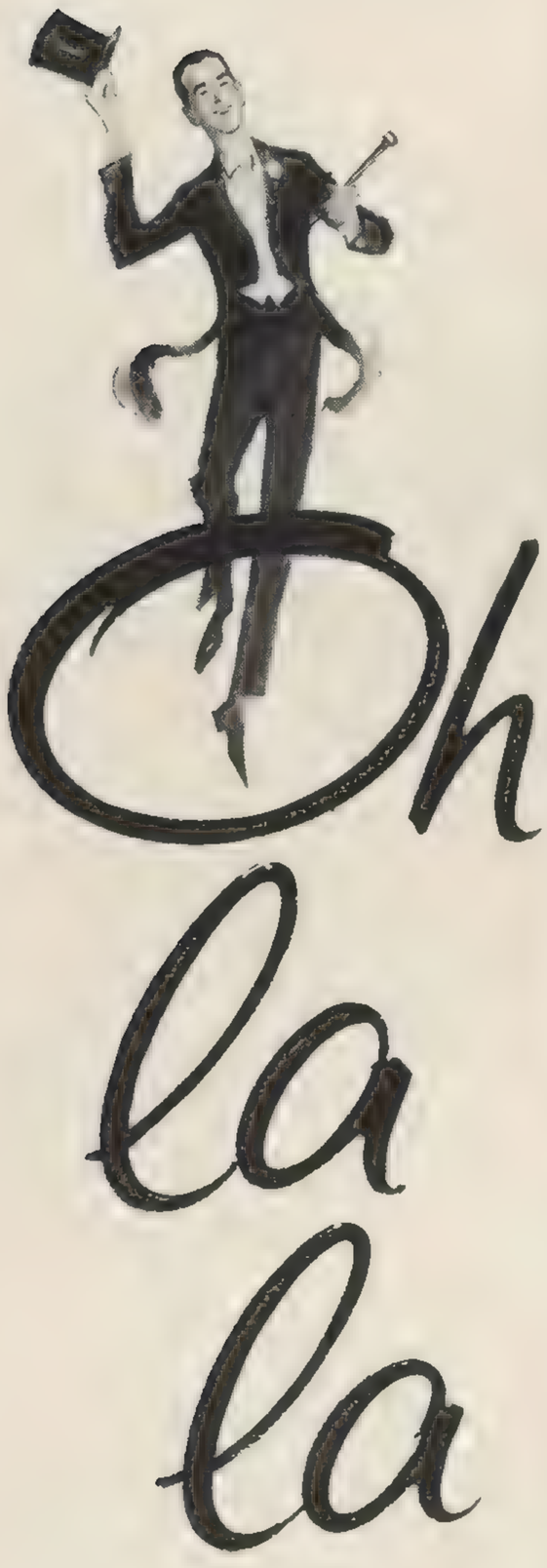
GRIGSBY



Above, the cedar chest, about 1820, has painted bands of coral-coloured and blue flowers, deliciously faded, iron hardware, and three drawers —two painted, one real, $580. *Right*, the panelled doors might screen a room with dash. Flowered, the pair, five feet high and fifty-two-inches wide, costs about $90.

Everything here, at Lord & Taylor

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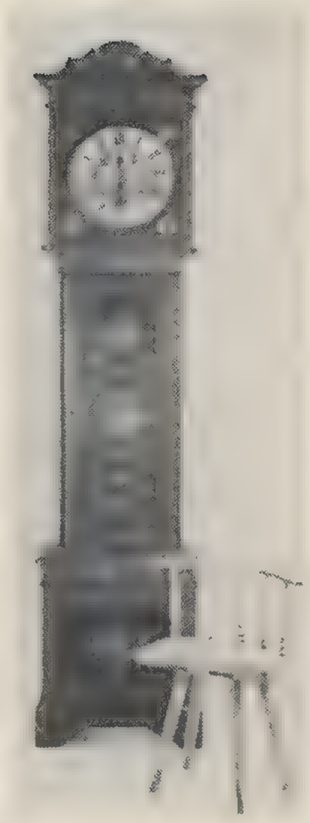


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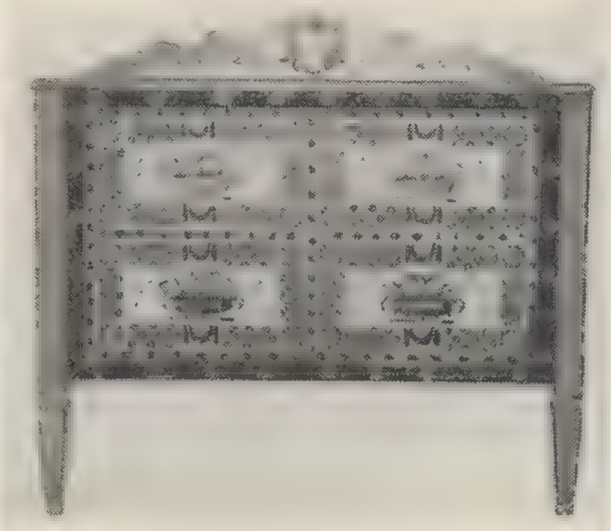
Right, the enamelled face of the grandfather's clock has painted flowers—pink, red, yellow. The clock's cabinet is painted in deep reds and greens. Eight-and-a-half-feet tall, about $400. The spindle-backed chair, wood-pegged and unpainted, is $90.



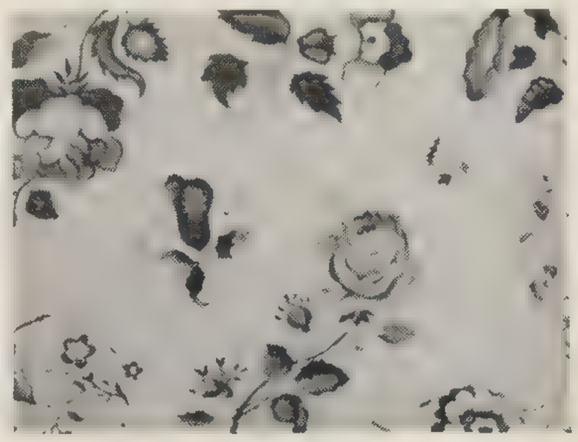
Above, octagonal gaming table, made about 1759, is centred with slate, bordered with inlaid wedges of cherry wood, $680. Unpainted pine, the baroque-valentine chairs cost $90 apiece. *Below*, the footboard to a provincial bed made about 1790. Painted with red-and-white flowers on an aquamarine ground, the bed costs, with headboard and sides, about $300.

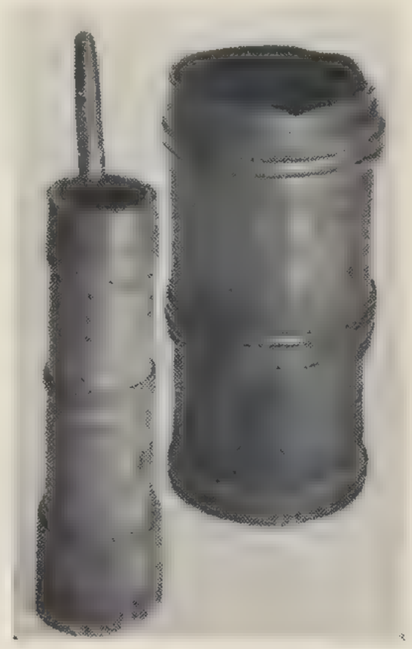


Above, the winged, high-backed, walnut armchair might be covered with the white roebuck hide shown here. Uncovered, $370. *Below*, pine mortar with iron pestle, together $70. Pine umbrella stand, $60.



Below, a provincial wallpaper with blue roses and butterflies on a white ground. Made to order by Woodson Wallpapers, at Lord & Taylor, for $9.75 a roll.





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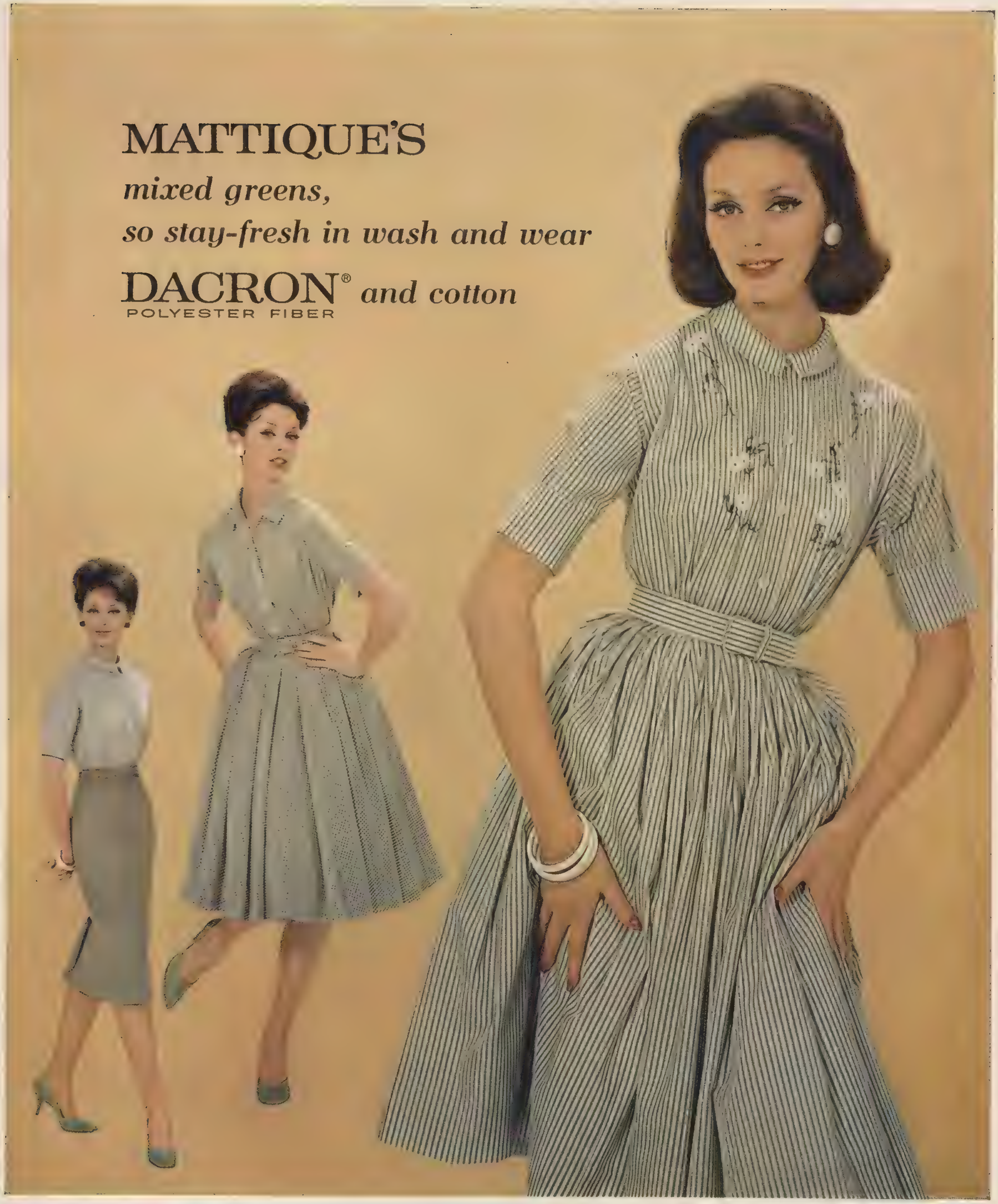
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Such flavorful blendings to mix a summer wardrobe with, each and every one in 65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber and 35% cotton. And beauty is as "Dacron" does . . . keeps you fresh, crisp, free from wrinkles. Asks only light laundering and drip drying, makes ironing a matter of whim. No wonder "Dacron" is summer's own fiber! Left, striped broadcloth shirt in green, blue or beige. About $6. Poplin skirt, in green, luggage or royal. About $10. Center, checked shirt, about $7. Skirt, about $15. All in green, blue or beige. Right, striped shirt with whimsey embroidery, about $9. Skirt, about $12. Both in green, blue or beige. All in 8-18. At The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Sanger's, Dallas; The Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver; Lord & Taylor, New York and all branches; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester and branches. Also available at stores listed on opposite page.

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Oculens . . . fashion's own sunglass, safer for precious eyes . . . presents the sleek sweep-around styling of Harvest model. In white, black or colors to complement every Rose Marie Reid swimsuit. 5.00 the pair

Oculens

The backless swimsuit makes this season's big splash . . . thanks to a new sense of curve security in the Circolair® swimbra, created especially to accomplish this design feat! Reap the success in Harvest sheath, elasticized print, 19.95

Rose Marie Reid

JEWELS OF THE SEA





"BAROQUE" DESIGN ILLUSTRATED

Capturing the glory of the great age of elegance...

"Vienna Revival" by Wamsutta®

Never before a design of such dramatic appeal—such new flair. With "Baroque," and the other magnificent patterns in the Vienna Revival collection, Wamsutta has revived romance! "Baroque" feels as luxurious as it looks . . . the allover, handsome baroque scroll is hand-screened on silken-soft, famed Wamsutta Debucale® with a superb jacquard weave "Baroque" Heritage towel to match. See it and the rest of the beautiful Vienna Revival collection in the domestics department of your favorite fine store.

WAMSUTTA MILLS, DIVISION OF M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC., 1430 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.
ALSO LOOK FOR WAMSUTTA SUPERCALE® SHEETS AND CASES, BABYCALE® CRIB SHEETS, BLANKETS, AUTOMATIC BLANKETS, MATTRESS PADS AND COVERS, PILLOWS, FASHION FABRICS FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE

PRESENTS

"MATCHMAKER COLORS"

STARRING ECHO TONES

EXQUISITE COORDINATION OF UNDERFASHIONS



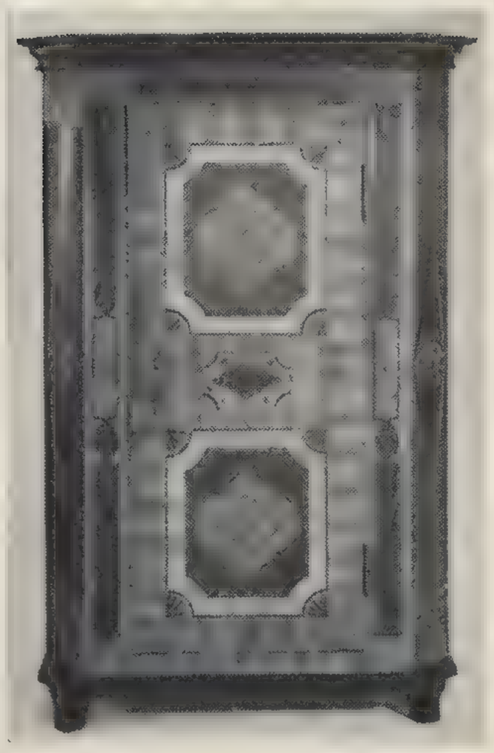
MATCHED IN DAINTY FASHION DETAIL AND SIX COMPLEXION-CUED COLORS: THE FLATTERY OF WHIRLPOOL® CUP NYLON BRA 0063; A 32-36; B, C 32-38, 3.95; THE IMPORTANT WAIST-TO-THIGH CONTROL OF LONG-LEG PANTIE GIRDLE 268; 8.95

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More from Austria and Bavaria

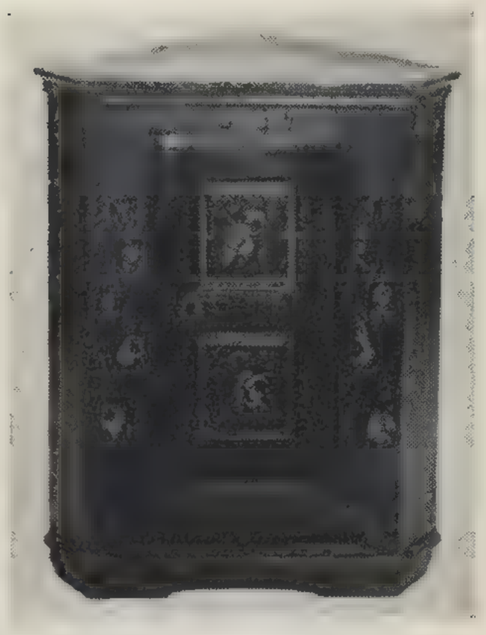
Right, an armoire, painted in Biedermeier manner with stylized geometrics and medallions, for $395.





Left, a long slab of walnut with baroque carved sides makes a dining table, pegged with wood, $330. The milking stools, scoop-seated and sturdy, come in several sizes, at $40 each.

Right, good for drink-makings, a corner cupboard that locks. Made, about 1800, of pine painted in corals and deep greens, $260. *Below*, cradle to rock a baby who's less than twenty-six inches long, for $150.





Right, one of the Austrian fur-pleasures, red fox—the skins, here, backed with felt to make a rug, priced to size. *Below*, five-foot pine chest, painted with flowers, a double-headed eagle, and the painted date it was made: 1784. $500.



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Everything here, at Lord & Taylor

Here's where you may purchase your

PEG Palmer®

Mother's Day Dresses

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Frederick . . . . . John D. Hendrickson

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North Adams . . . . . Pizzi's
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NORTH CAROLINA
Forest City . . . . . Dalton Bros.
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Canonsburg . . . . . Marline's
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DuBois . . Tantlinger & McDade Style Shop
Elizabethtown . . . . . Grace C. Blough
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Kutztown . . . . . The Towne Dress Shoppe
Lebanon . . . . . Laudermilch's
McKeesport . . . . . Immel's
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Oil City . . . . . Welker & Maxwell
Quakertown . . . . . Iona's Sportswear
Reynoldsville . . . . . Ica-Mae's Dress Shoppe
Somerset . . . . . Polly Jane Shop
Titusville . . . . . Swanson's
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Gifted Sheers for Mother

PEG Palmer®

Bonus gift . . . the luxury of leisure hours, for these crisp Peg Palmers launder like a hanky, drip dry ready to wear . . . little need to know an iron. The secret—they're 65% Dacron, 35% cotton. All three in sizes 12½—24½, 12—20. Gift-priced at about **$11** each.

Forest City Fashions

Left: Printed floral stripes. Green with lilac, grey with blue, blue with green.

Center: White with black, navy or turquoise long-dot print.

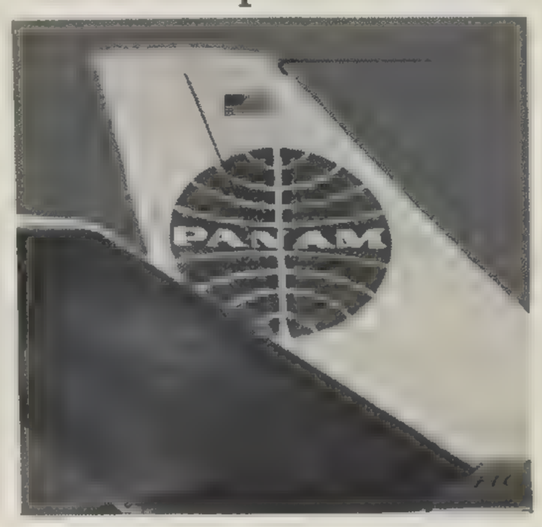
Right: Flattering surplice neckline with white eyelet organdy dicky. Black, navy or blue.

For the name of your dealer see listing on opposite page or write: PEG PALMER, DEPT.V-4, 1641 WASHINGTON AVENUE, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.



The other 50 weeks are richer for the 2 you spend abroad.

Fashion Note: There is no more elegant way to go to Europe than by Pan Am Jet Clippers.* And no more fitting time to go than now! Just 6 hours and 45 minutes from New York to Paris; even less from Boston. Direct Jet Polar flights to Europe from the West Coast, too. Pan Am's deluxe *President Special* service makes it high adventure, with superb cuisine, vintage wines, interesting flight companions. See your Travel Agent or Pan Am, World's Most Experienced Airline.



*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



The T-dress—its fuller life

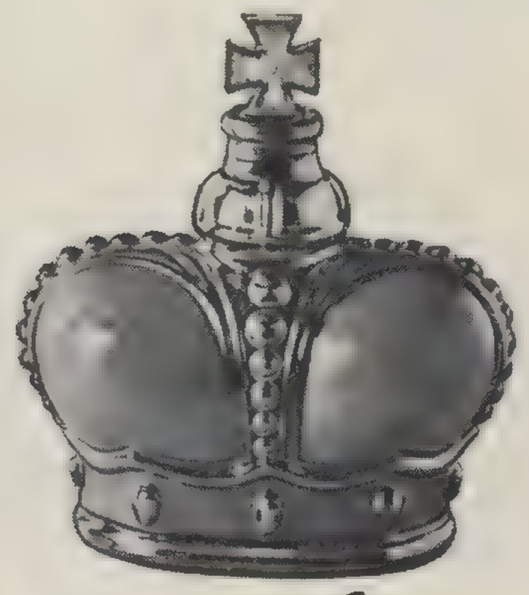
A T-shirt kind of dress in knitted cotton, with new refinements: blousier top, fuller skirt. Black and white stripes, belted in black knitted cotton (or patent leather), to wear from this month forward. By Geist & Geist; about $15. At Bloomingdale's; Liberty House, Honolulu. Straw hat: Lilly Daché.



Aftermath of a lovely disturbance

He can't get you out of his mind when Wind Song whispers your message. Wind Song communicates *you* as nothing else can.

For Wind Song is the perfume created by Prince Matchabelli to diffuse *differently* on every woman. As it warms to the rhythm of your own special pulse beat, Wind Song whispers a lingering and memorable message—*you*.



Wind Song

BY

PRINCE MATCHABELLI

Cologne Spray Mist 3.75
Cologne Parfumée 2.50, 3.75
Perfume 3.00 to 25.00 • Dusting Powder 3.00

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TOMORROW'S NEW LOOK OF ELEGANCE IN TODAY'S MOST DISTINGUISHED WATCH



La Marquise
Models from $89.50 fti
As illustrated: 14K gold, 6 flawless diamonds... $165.00 fti
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NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES



LUCIANA ROSELLI

Guidelines for the bias fashions

New girdle with the stance of blue jeans. It firms the hips, frees the waist—best plan for the supple new fashions. White jacquard weave nylon power net; satin elastic front panel, self-reinforced *derrière*. With it, white nylon lace brassière, for plunging necklines; lightly padded. Girdle, about $14; brassière, about $6. Both by Olga, at Lord & Taylor; Bullock's, Pasadena. For more examples of bias guidelines: pages 130-131.

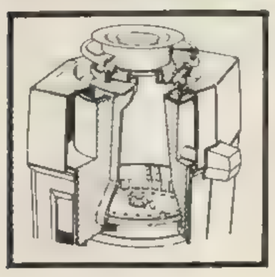
Magnifique!



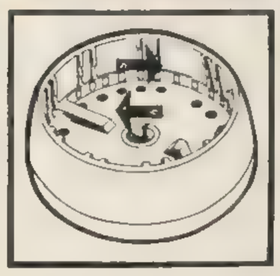
Designed by Reinecke

Free! Lovely embossed Florentine change purse—just for visiting your plumber to see the new Gold Comet.

DISCOVER THE DIFFERENCES IN DISPOSERS



Silent Treatment—Quietest Ever!
New! Exclusive! Miraculous Polystyrene inner-liner achieves new level of quietness.



Twice The Life—Non-jamming!
Exclusive! Patented, automatic reversing action. Prevents jams. Doubles shredder life!

The magnificent new Gold Comet Garbage Disposer from the originator and perfecter!

The fashion houses of Paris know no smarter styling than that found in the new In-Sink-Erator Gold Comet Garbage Disposer. Inspired by the heavens from which it gets its name, the new modern shape Gold Comet is as beautiful and quiet as the stars. It sets new standards for styling and design.

And this new In-Sink-Erator reaches new levels of performance with 124,200 positive cutting edges per minute. Never before have you seen trips to a garbage can ended in such high fashion. Never before has a Disposer been so efficient in shredding food waste down your kitchen drain.

In•Sink•Erator® ISE

the originator and perfecter of Garbage Disposers • In-Sink-Erator Manufacturing Co., Racine, Wisconsin

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For advice: write Vogue's School & Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17, or call LE 2-7500

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TELEVISION · STAGE · SCREEN
Professional Voice Training prepares you for interesting, profitable singing career. Beginners & Prof'ls.
Athalie Lombardi, 205 W. 57 St., N. Y. CO 5-1344.

Fine & Applied Arts

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION *FOR RESULTS*
Training Here Pays Lifetime Dividends
Trade Methods in Minimum Time—Coed
ART DESIGN CLOTHING CONSTRUCTION INT. DECOR
Beginners & Advanced, Day, Eve., Sat. *Register Now!*
Illustration, Sketch, Pattern, Dressmaking, Display.
Our Graduates in Demand! Junior Sat. A.M. Class.
Free Placement Bur. Send for Cir. I. Phone CO 5-2077.
TRAPHAGEN, 1680 Broadway (52d St.) N.Y.19

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN
SUMMER SESSION
SIX WEEKS' PRACTICAL COURSE
Starts July 6th. Faculty of leading decorators. Period and modern styles. *Send for Catalog S*
Home Study Course starts at once. For those who cannot come to New York. *Send for Catalog C*
29 East 72nd Street, New York 21, N. Y.

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
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Drawing and Painting, Outdoor Painting, Sculpture, Ceramics, Advertising Arts, Dress Design, Accredited. Term begins June 27, 1960.
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STUDENTS prepare for careers using talent in Commercial Art, Interior Decoration, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Fashion Merchandising with modeling, Window Display. Co-educational. Attractive residence for out-of-town girls on Lake Shore Drive. G. I. approved. Individual advancement. Finest professional instructors and equipment. Enter 1st Monday of month. Write Registrar Room 206. Specify course.
RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11
(No connection with VOGUE MAGAZINE)

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Write Registrar, Rm. 209. Specify course. 1 year program. Fashion Merchandising, Buying, Modeling. Selling in stores Sat. with pay. Attractive dormitory for girls. (No connection with Vogue Magazine.)

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Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. No wasted time. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Send for free booklet. **Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 3384, Chicago 14, Ill.**

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David V. Wick, Headmaster, Scottsdale, Arizona.

CHADWICK SCHOOL
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Coed, Country Day & Boarding. On Palos Verdes Peninsula near Los Angeles. Grades 1-12, accredited. Member Calif. Assn. Independent Schools. Summer Sch. **Com. & Mrs. Joseph H. Chadwick, Directors.**

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"At the Nation's Shrine" Valley Forge, shrine of our freedom, has loaned its name to this fully accredited, distinguished Mil. Acad. and Jr. Coll. Small classes, highest academic standards. Prep. School, grades 9 thru 12 & Jr. Coll. All sports. Arty., Cav., Infantry, Band. Senior Div. ROTC. Catalogue. **Box H, Wayne, Pa.**

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The Directors of the various summer programs listed here will be glad to write you and send their descriptive literature. Your letter will receive special consideration if you will mention VOGUE.

Girls' Camps

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The Horseback Camps of Vermont. A glorious summer of riding, fun! Water sports, golf, tennis, archery. Trips. Dramatics. $375-$525, no extras. Outfit rented. Also Idlewild for Boys. Booklet. **Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Hayden, Box 156-V, Wellesley Hills, Mass.**

BUFF LEDGE
Milton, Vt. One of Brown Ledge Camps. Daily riding for all. Superior waterfront program. Dramatics, golf, tennis, trips. All-inclusive fee. 95 girls 7-18 (Brown Ledge Div. 10-18). Give age. Bklt. **Mr. & Mrs. M.W.A. Hunt, 18S Carver Ave., Scituate, Mass.**

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On Torch Lake, Mich. Girls 7-18. 4 groups. Mature leadership. Riding in fee. Sailing, water skiing. Wide choice of sports. Music, crafts, trips. Brother camp, Fairwood. Catalog. **Mrs. M. V. Eder, Owner-Director, 5699 Belmont Ave., Cincinnati 24, Ohio.**

Boys' Camps

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Salt water, sailing, swimming, fishing, camping trips, with all land sports. 90 boys, 7-15 from all parts of U.S. and abroad. Personal care. Summer Study Program. **Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Hagenbuckle, Fessenden School, West Newton 65, Massachusetts.**

CAMP ROTHERWOOD
On Singing River Plantation in Caroline County, Va. 321 acres, swimming pool, boating & fishing on river & own lake. All sports, riflery, riding, life-saving, campcraft, overnight hikes, nature. Three 3-wk. terms.
Fred V. Hardy, Box 6, Univ. of Richmond, Va.

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Torch Lake, Mich. Boys 7-17. 4 groups. Land, water sports. Riding, sailing, water skiing instruction. Crafts, trips. Special features for older boys. Sister camp, Four-Way Lodge. Booklet. **M. V. Eder, Dir.-Owner, 5699 Belmont Ave., Cincinnati 24, Ohio.**

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A character camp for boys 7-17 in No. Michigan. Dude ranch, 40 horses. Rodeo, western cowboys. All sports. Riflery. Sailing fleet. Trips. College staff. No hay fever. 35th year. Write: **K. V. Smith, 1922 Beaufait Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan.**

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A summer of fun and recreation in heart of America's National Shrine. Ranger Camp (12-14). Pioneer Camp (9-12). Specialized training in leadership and social courtesy. Aquacade! Separate Band Camp (13-18) under renowned musical director. Individual instrument instruction. **Box 53, Wayne, Pa.**

Vocation or Avocation?

Included in this Directory are schools which will give you highly specialized training for the vocation you intend to follow—or provide you with additional knowledge in a field where you are already at work. Schools offering both types of instruction are listed. Here, too, you will find courses to encourage a hobby. If you would like other suggestions write: Vogue's School Bureau, 420 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. 17.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Type of training desired _____

Location preferred _____

Yearly Cost $ _____

Proposed entrance date _____

High school graduate _____ *College* _____

4-15-60

RECIPES FROM SPAIN

(Continued from page 41)

continue beating until mixture cools, adding flavouring. I usually add the orange flower water to half the mixture but it can be added to the whole if desired, in which case more may be needed. Taste batter to see if you would like a few more drops. Add 1 tablespoon of flour at a time until all has been used. Last of all fold in the oil, adding a little at a time. Divide batter in half. Fold in almonds in one half. To the other, add the orange flower water if you have not already done so. Pour the batter immediately into two nine-inch square pans brushed lightly with olive oil and floured. *Do not let batter stand—it has no baking powder and will fall unless cooked at once.* Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, until mixture tests done—18 to 20 minutes. Do not overcook or it will be tough. The batter begins to leave the sides of the pan usually when the right stage has been reached. Loosen edges and turn out at once onto a wire cake rack covered with wax paper. Let stand until cold. If a hard crust has formed on the edges, trim it off. Place one layer of this cake or pastry on the plate on which it is to be served but use a plate which can be put into the oven without cracking. Cover cake with a layer of apricot jam or marmalade—about ½ cupful. Then put the other cake layer on top of the jam, and spread the rest of the jam evenly over the second layer. Frost the whole with:

ALMOND MERINGUE

3 egg whites
6 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon almond extract
or orange flower water
½ cup ground or grated lightly
toasted blanched almonds
Few grains salt
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Beat egg whites which have been allowed to come to room temperature, with salt. When stiff, add sugar, a tablespoonful at a time, and flavouring. The meringue should be stiff enough to stand in peaks. Spread over the top and sides of the torte. Smooth evenly with a spatula or dull knife. Dust with the almonds, sprinkling them evenly over top and sides of the cake. Set under grill in a cold oven. Light the oven, leaving the door open, and let the cake remain until the top is firm and begins to colour, watching carefully to see that it does not burn. This cake keeps very well in the icebox.

NEW FASHIONS IN KITCHENS

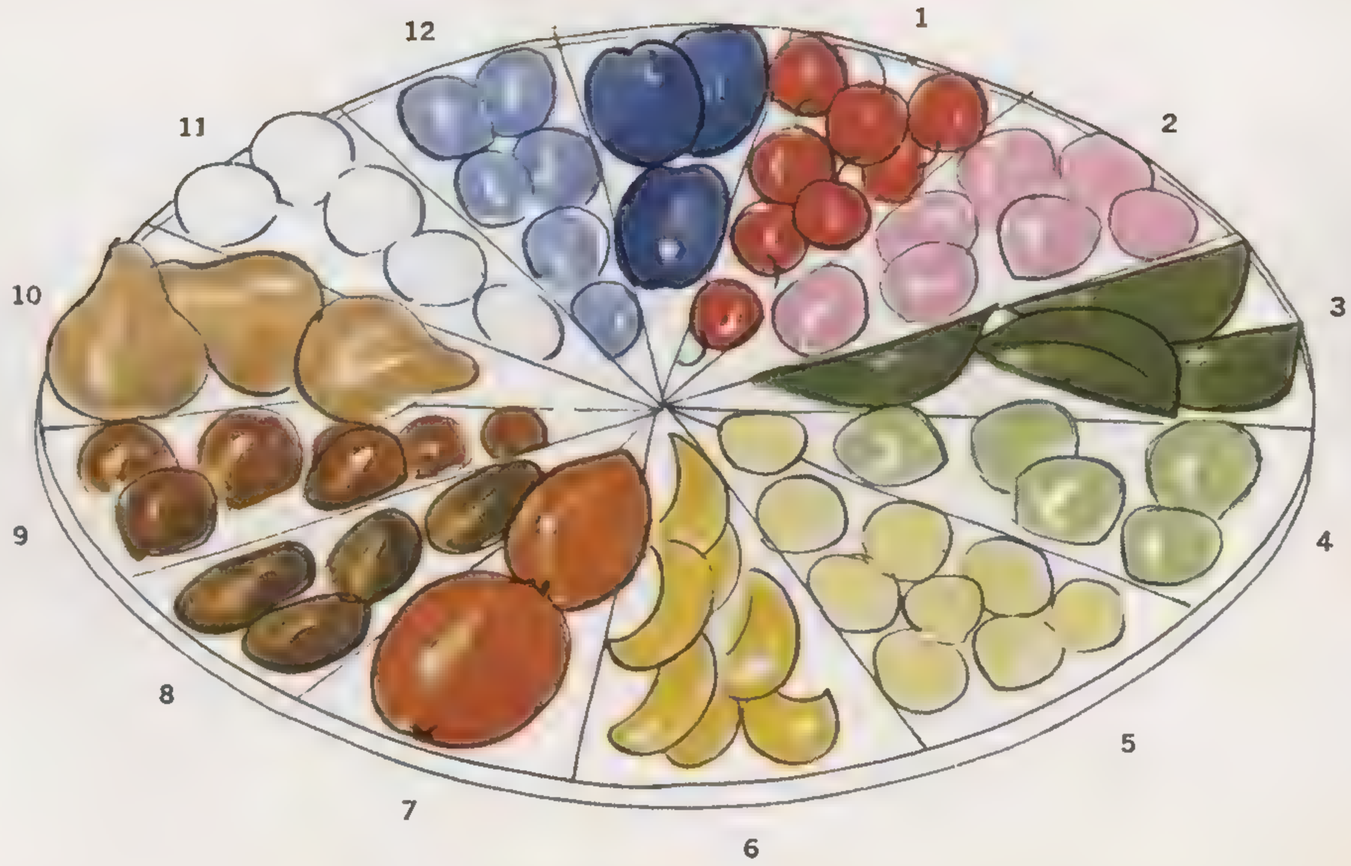
New colors, new ways with porcelain enamel

FRUIT GLACÉ COLORS—
brilliant and beautiful in porcelain enamel.

Color makes the fashion news for your kitchen—fresh, exciting Fruit Glacé Colors. Choose them for major appliances, sinks, cabinets and utensils in porcelain enamel—for floors, walls and accessories. Here's the Fruit Glacé palette, for your own color scheme: (1) Cherry (2) Strawberry Parfait (3) Candied Quince (4) Lime Ice (5) Pineapple Sherbet (6) Citron (7) Persimmon (8) Date Brown (9) Mocha Frappe (10) Glazed Fig (11) Coconut White (12) Frosted Blueberry (13) Blue Plum. Appliances and utensils are now widely available in Fruit Glacé Colors. Look for more of these colors in all kitchen equipment.

Kitchen on preceding page: A modern open kitchen in a setting reminiscent of 17th century country houses. New ideas in porcelain enamel: utensils of Coconut White with Frosted Blueberry; tile around oven—Blue Plum; range hood and counter top in Candied Quince; cooking units and built-in ovens are already available in many colors.

Fabrics for at-home costume from John McHugh Sources



FASHION NEWS IN THE KITCHEN:

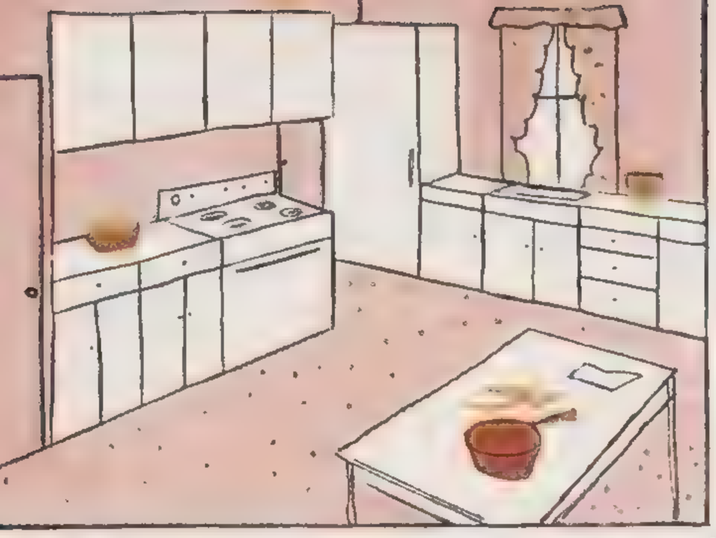
Fruit Glacé

A new kitchen starts with an idea (seldom with bare walls). The idea here—to use Fruit Glace' Colors as you use marvelous colors elsewhere in your house: to create a look that's wonderful to live with. Spots of color, splashes of color, walls of color—each, in this fresh plan, contributes specifically to the look of a kitchen. It's a look that will last, too, in the translucent, permanent colors of porcelain enamel.

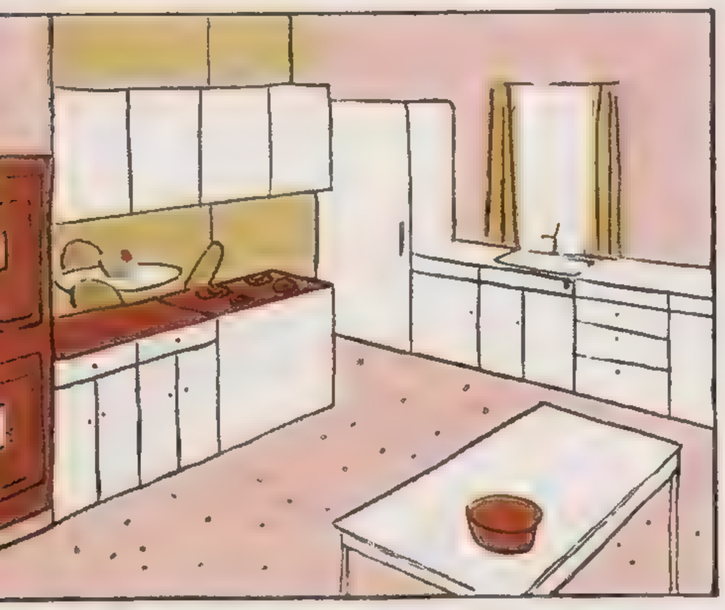
On these pages are several looks from the Porcelain Enamel Institute using delicious new Fruit Glace' Colors. There are dozens of others—ranges of one color, colors in strong or subtle contrast. Use Persimmon and Mocha Frappe with wood-tones and splashes of vivid Citron. Choose a frosty blue and white scheme with a dash of Cherry. Bring the freshness of many greens, Lime Ice and Candied Quince, indoors the year 'round. Spark soft Strawberry Parfait with Blue Plum and Persimmon.

The wood-tones kitchen: a fluid area kitchen that "curves" right-angled equipment into an interesting island. (An idea from a major appliance manufacturer). New ideas in porcelain enamel: range hood, cooking units, rotisserie and oven cabinets in Persimmon; oven doors and range hood lining, Mocha Frappé; counter tops and sink, Coconut White; accents in Citron.

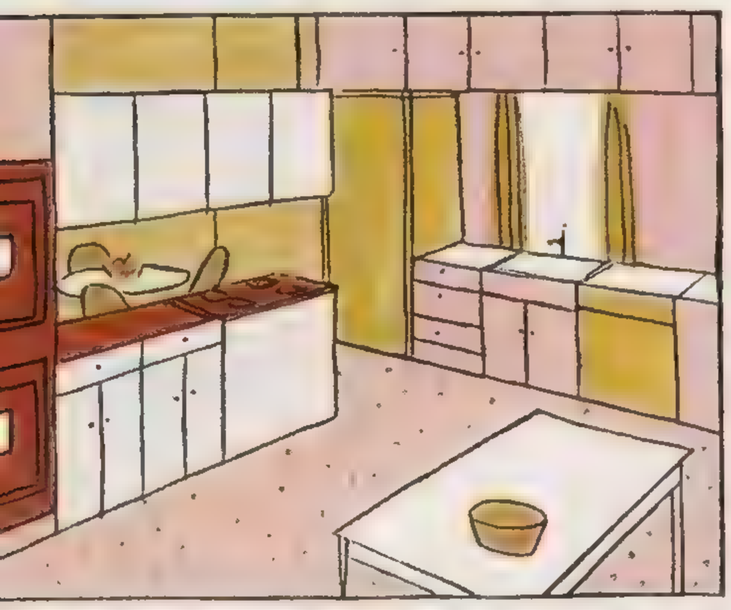
Simple kitchen, enlivened with color—red, white and blue. Porcelain enamel here: tile in Blue Plum; cabinets, sink, cookware and table top in Coconut White; toaster and casserole, Frosted Blueberry. New idea—use brilliant Cherry for a major accent, a refrigerator or built-in ovens.



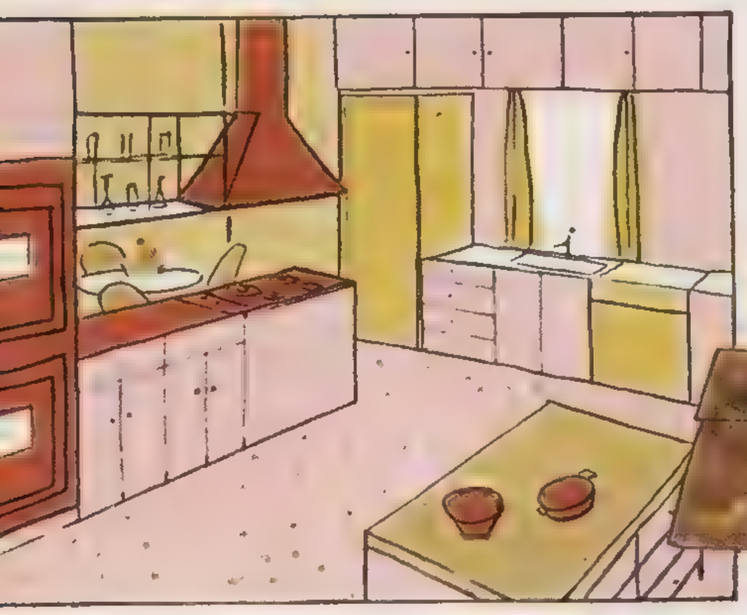
A FRESH KITCHEN—starts with a color idea—and two new porcelain enamel saucepans.



FIRST MAJOR ADDITIONS—Wall ovens and a surface cooking unit, new counter tops—all in Fruit Glacé porcelain enamel.



CHANGES CONTINUED — The look takes further shape with a new dishwasher, refrigerator—in fresh new colors.



NEW KITCHEN, COMPLETE — The final additions, pure luxury—a porcelain enameled range hood and portable work table.

FRUIT GLACÉ
in easy stages

A mind's-eye color scheme and one piece of porcelain enamel can start this new color look in your kitchen. Then with gradual replacements and additions—a major appliance, counter tops, new cabinets and utensils, tiles, towels —a unique Fruit Glacé look will emerge.

SO TRULY

Practical



Suit by David Crystal

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Oral B TOOTHBRUSH

Your figure

You Can't Remake It Overnight

BY B. H. STAUFFER



One sure thing about reducing—there's no door marked "easy way out!"

American women are discovering this fact. They're learning that slimming down is not merely a matter of going on another wishful diet, or chewing a stick of special gum, or lighting a "reducing" cigarette. Women are on their way back to the realities of reducing.

For the overweight woman, the facts about her problem are often hard to face. However, many women have suddenly stopped dreaming about overnight "cures." Instead they're searching for the real thing—*an honest way to reduce.*

Perhaps you're one of these women. Determined to have a lovely figure—and even more important—to be sensible about how you get it. If you are—good for you!

You're the woman I want to talk to.

THE WAY TO REDUCE

There's really only one way to reduce. *You must reverse the process that caused the problem in the first place.* Stauffer reducing was founded on this principle—nearly a quarter of a century ago!

It's really quite simple.

If you eat too much and exercise too little (or not at all) you will lose your figure. Not overnight perhaps. But sooner or later you'll start up the ladder to overweight. And you won't be able to come down again—until you make up your mind to exercise more—and eat less.

Many women still think that a diet is all they need to reduce. *I disagree!*

You can lose pounds with diet. But a mere loss of weight will not assure a nice figure. Just suppose you've been carrying around 20 extra pounds for quite a few years. Suddenly you decide to diet. Let's say you even lose those 20 pounds. What do you think will happen to the muscles that have been supporting all that overweight? Or the skin that's had to stretch to cover it?

Let me tell you.

Your skin will probably sag on your face, neck, upper arms, thighs—everywhere. Your lazy muscles will probably remain as lazy as ever. Result: you're thinner than before, but you still don't have the perfect figure you want.

You want *firm* muscles, a flat abdomen, and a slim, smooth hip line. You want a skin that has tone—so that upper arms, shoulders and back, and thighs, are *youthful*-looking.

But to create—and maintain—a lovely figure like *that*, takes more than the loss of a few pounds. It takes a *certain* amount of calorie watching, yes—but also *a certain amount of exercise.* (And of the two, exercise is more and more important after thirty.)

If there's one outstanding reason for the success of Stauffer Home Plan, it's this: We've taken these two unavoidable facts of reducing (exercise and calorie watching) and worked many years to make them as pleasant and convenient as possible.

THE WAY TO DIET

For example, when it comes to diet, we believe in *moderation.* This means a sensible cutting back to slightly below your normal daily metabolic requirements. (Even serious overeaters admit that Stauffer calorie reduction is a far cry from "starvation" dieting.) Exclusive Stauffer menus are carefully worked out so that you eat exactly what you serve your family—only a little less.

THE WAY TO EXERCISE

Stauffer exercise is the key to the entire Stauffer program. It is *real* exercise—physiologically *active* exercise. But with an important difference: it's a lot easier on you!

This exercise is accomplished by the gentle, oscillating action of the Stauffer Posture-Rest. The motion is rhythmic and controlled, completely non-vibratory. It stretches and relaxes tightened muscles. At the same time, it tones and firms lazy unused muscles—puts them back to work! It helps burn up calories. And it lifts and beautifies posture—gives a woman a lovelier, *proud* carriage.

EASY TO LIVE WITH

Many women tell me that the nicest thing about the Stauffer Plan is the fact that it's so easy to live with.

A woman needn't rearrange her household—or her life—in order to slim down. She eats the same kind of food her family eats, spends about an hour a day relaxing on the Posture-Rest. It's a truly feminine way to reduce—because it's quietly accomplished at home, without a lot of fuss and strain.

Certainly no one needs superhuman will power to follow such a program. From the beginning, you reduce surely, steadily. Later modified use of the program maintains results. It sounds simple—and it is!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'm sure every woman in this world knows that the rewards of a lovely figure are wonderful. Yet some women sit passively by—year after year—and let their figures slip away. These women finally seem to accept the idea of living with overweight—of falling short of their own ideal. Some of these women mark time forever.

But others are more fortunate. Suddenly they come upon the inspiration they have long needed to help them reduce. Once they have this spark they become determined. Pride takes the upper hand. *Nothing* can stop them.

The Stauffer program has been the inspiration for many of these women. I know—because thousands of them have told me so!

THE WISE WAY TO DO IT

The Stauffer Home Plan is the same today as it was from the start: *a realistic way to reduce.* If you're a woman who is searching for some honest answers, if you want to make a real change in yourself—the Stauffer Plan is for you. Talk to the Stauffer representative in your city or write to me personally. I'll be delighted to hear from you and answer any questions. Just write to: President, Stauffer Laboratories, Inc., Dept. V-40, 1919 Vineburn Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

But one way or another, find out more about us today. We have the Plan that can help you. You *can* be the woman you have every right to be. Slim, vital, proud—completely confident! It's in your future—hurry to it!

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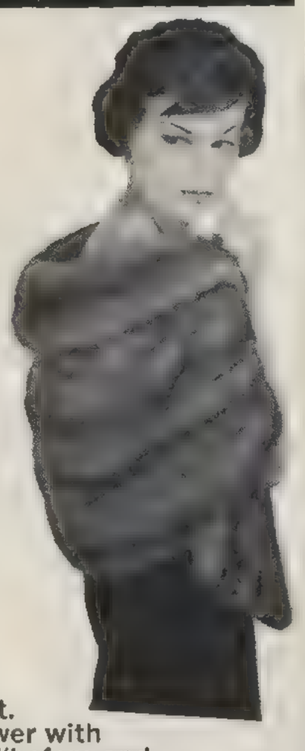
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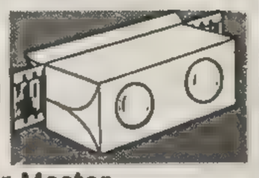
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The case for travelling light: giant handbag, 12″ x 12″, big enough to hold overnight things. Grainy calfskin—a choice of summery camel-beige (here), black, red, brown, navy-blue, rust; leather-lined in a contrasting colour. Lockable. $47.50 plus tax, ppd. Hollo Bros., 897 Madison Ave., New York 21.



Child's madras smock with bloomers to match. To wear as here or as a jumper dress over a turtle-neck sweater or a white blouse. Bleeding madras, here, with an overplaiding of loden green, navy-blue, and brown. Sizes 2 to 3x, 3 to 6x. $6.95. The Green Frog, 13 Christopher Street, New York 14, N. Y.

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VOGUE

APRIL 15, 1960



Vogue's eye view of a slice of fashion life

As of now, what has fashion-futurity? ...Read this two ways—for never-say-die futurity, consider such fashion greats as the alligator suit pumps, page 76; Balenciaga black, page 77; for instant penny-abandon futurity, note the gypsy hoopla, page 76.

What whets the accessory sense? The head-on factor here is the made-for-accessories look of the new clothes—opaque blacks meant for the gleam of jet beads; sleeveless-ness to inspire the longest gloves. Twice as much ring; twice as much earring.

Who can wear what? In this area the first fast reviving step is experiment—say with the lines of the new boneless waist on page 75. Or if that's non-you, the torso dress on page 78. More precision clues on all the following pages.

KAREN RADKAI



Fashions people are talking about...



Whether it's the eleven o'clock TV-newscast hinting direly that waistlines are being short-changed in the Paris Collections (erroneous), or Red Smith reporting the effect of ladies in stretch-pants on the judges at the Winter Olympics (riveting), or a general alarm on the subject of hemlines (actually they've been stabilized for some time at about an inch or two below the knees)—the cheering fact remains: people are as voluble and as plain-speaking on the subject of fashion as they are on the subject of taxes or movies or politics. Or anything else that counts. And, as of this moment in fashion-time, these are the looks, the clothes, the ideas that people are talking about . . .

talking about...

THE TORSO DRESS . . . There's already been lots of talk about this, and most of it can be clarified by a quick look at the photograph above: what a proper torso dress has besides fullness that begins on the brink of the torso is an unclenchy but unmistakeable shapeliness and often—for the truly anxiety-prone—a belt. Here's what looks smashing with it: close-fitting hair, a tilting wheel-brimmed straw hat, really long gloves (sixteen-buttons is the '60-est length of glove). The dress photographed, a Paris idea adapted by Leonard Arkin in black crêpe.

THE OVERBLOUSE FLASH . . . Americans have been with it for years; love the youngness of it, the ease, the peculiarly U.S. appeal of chic-without-tears. The this-year version at left has cut-out sleeves, smock-like gathering, a flip young trick of jutting out briskly at the back. This grainy white silk day-dress (and the fact that it's white is greatly to its city-credit), is a Givenchy design, copied in America by Blauner.

Black silk dress, about $70. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. White silk dress, about $45. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Sally Victor white straw sailor. Both pages: Aris gloves. Christian Dior-New York shoes.

KAREN RADKAI





THE DRESS WITH THE BONELESS BELT . . . and whiteness, and sleevelessness, shown at right with as much black as it takes to get the city-message across clearly. Here's what else comes through loud and clear on the fashion-radar: the predictable smash of a summer dress that manages this amount of ease and this amount of shapeliness without ever getting its signals crossed. Givenchy's idea; adapted in linen, by Leonard Arkin.

THE HAT THAT'S A SINGLE FLOWER . . . there are several on view this issue; one point about them all: allure—they're steeped in it. Left: a huge black silk cabbage rose drenched in veiling (through which might be seen lots of earring, very little hair, and as many extra eyelashes as can be batted comfortably against the veiling).



Fashions people are talking about...

THE GOLD PEBBLE that's a pill-box. Not, obviously, one of the necessities of life, but one of the very real pleasures. This, by Schlumberger of Tiffany.

THE RETURN OF ALL-OUT-BLACK FOR SUMMER . . . looking devastatingly cool, seductive, new. This way: shoulder-length veiling, sleevelessness, gloves to the elbows. Crêpe torso dress with gathered overskirt and stole, a Givenchy copy by Suzy Perette.

White Irish linen dress; about $60. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's. Cabbage-rose hat by Adolfo of Emme. Also at Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Black crêpe dress at Lord & Taylor; Wm. H. Block. Hat-veiling by Mr. John.



KAREN RADKAI



Fashions people are talking about...

NEW SUIT-SHOE ELEGANCE . . . At the Mainbocher collection, every long-legged mannequin glided around in this appealing news: shoes with soft non-pointy toes, heels as realistic as *nouvelle vague* movies. This pair is black alligator (which makes the same shining point with matte black that jet bead jewellery does). Shoes, by Delman.

THE GINGHAM RAGE . . . Gingham now: strict little city suits in brown and white checks; bathing suits; slips, petticoats, nightdresses; and, for any slip-dress with the wit to be chocolate-brown, tall back-of-the-head pillboxes in pink gingham checks. Above, gingham as part of a sleeveless, ankle-length evening dress—black-and-white checked out over white organdie. (Young, certainly, but bristling with possibilities for the woman with charcoal-grey hair, provided she qualifies on other counts—pretty arms, pretty ankles are fairly essential here.) This, by Bob Bugnand, the talented young French designer who previews his clothes in America, then whips them off to Paris to be made for his customers (3 weeks' time).





THE GYPSY HOOPLA . . . Stirred up by Ricci in Paris this spring, this is the jangle that sounds best when it's big; when it's worn against a backdrop of hair that's long, swingy and uncomplicated.

BALENCIAGA'S FAMOUS STOLE-DRESS; THE HAT THAT'S ALL FLOWERS . . . Wanted by any *femme* with a jot of *fatale* in her blood—and the figure to carry it off: black crêpe that's all fit (a Balenciaga break with his unfitted past) and bare shoulders (the stole covers, but not too seriously). The sound-of-fashion effects: a stupendous jumble of silky petals for a hat; gloves up to there. Balenciaga dress, copied by Blauner.

Evening dress, organdie and Swiss cotton checks, by Bob Bugnand. Also to order at I. Magnin. Delman shoes, $80. Bergdorf Goodman. Napier gilt earrings, $16 plus tax. Lord & Taylor. Black dress, by Blauner; Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Hat, by Mr. John. 16-button black kidskin gloves: Dawnelle.

KAREN RADKAI



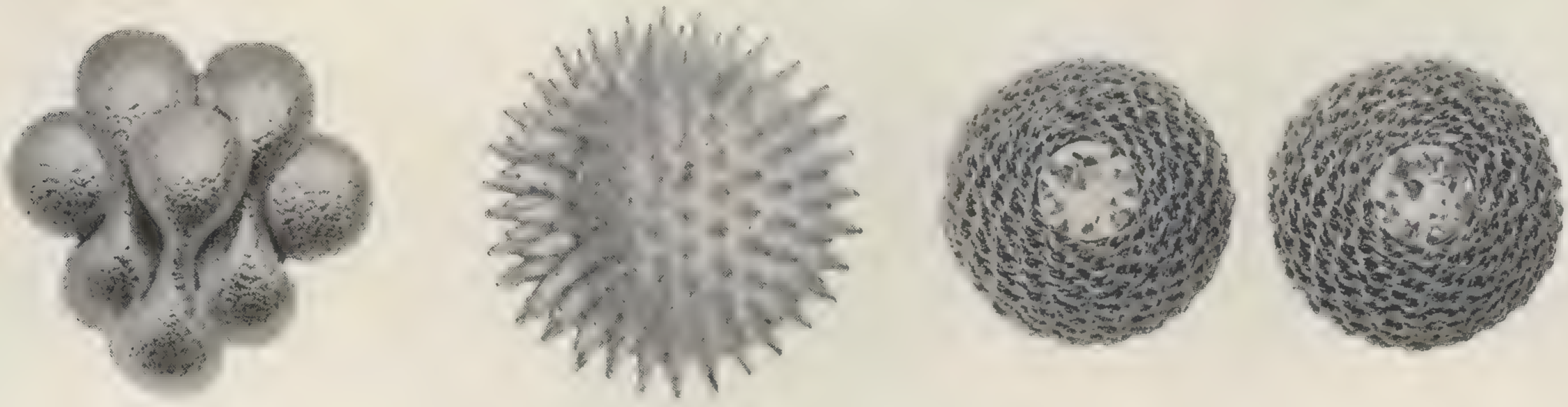




THE CULOTTE REVIVAL . . . newest crush on the at-home front, reviving, in its turn, such dinner-skirt words as graceful, feminine, wearable. Additional talking point about the ankle-length dots (orange and lemon on white cotton at right) : the new-again flattery of a halter-top. Look for these, as well, in dresses, bathing suits.

Fashions people are talking about...

PLEATS ON THE TORSO'S EDGE . . . Paris, as we've reported, had more pleats per couture-inch than ever before. Among the most successful—and least demanding: pleats starting where the torso stops, while the rest of the dress steers a smooth, untroubled princess course. Heim copy at left, by Suzy Perette, in navy-blue alpaca. With it, the news of more pin per pin, and wheat-coloured gloves, hat—a nice switch on white.



TWICE AS MUCH EARRING . . . Like melon-ball beads and the more-pin pin, the earring that counts now is the one that's big enough to swing a jewel-look on its own. Left to right, three that do: Gilt earring, grained and lumped together like peanut brittle; by Napier. Spiky gilt chrysanthemum; by De Nicola. Third, a pair of twisty gilt ropes wound around glitter. By Napier. (One such earring a time, worn on the top curve of an ear, was a Paris stopper.)

THE EASED UP T-DRESS . . . What can we say about the T-dress after we've said that it's wonderful? Just this: there's more dress to the T than we've seen before—more ease, more presence. At right, black-and-white knitted cotton stripes; gathered skirt.



Culotte by Cabana, $28; at Saks Fifth Avenue. Pleated dress at Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr. Hat by Lilly Daché. Napier earring at left, $11; De Nicola gilt "mum," $8; gilt rope earrings at right, $12.50, by Napier. All plus tax. At Saks Fifth Avenue. T-dress, by Masket Bros., $23. Lord & Taylor.

KAREN RADKAI



Fashions people are talking about...

THE 11 A.M. CHIFFON . . . news for what it doesn't do: it doesn't float, and it doesn't wait till the sun goes down to appear. It does, on the other hand, make one of the most appetizing city-summer-day looks going: strict as linen, cool as—well, chiffon. And it's worn the way black dresses often are now, with black—hat, shoes, gloves.

THE HAT THAT'S A FLOWER . . . It's a little like putting your head in an enormous chrysanthemum is how one Vogue editor described the deliciousness at right —white silk and a handful of muguet at the top. No hair showing is what's wanted here—and the kind of silky black dinner dress described on page 77.

Silk chiffon dress, by Donald Brooks about $110. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Aris gloves; Madcaps hat: Lord & Taylor. Shoes from Fiorentina. Adolfo of Emme silk hat. Also, Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

KAREN RADKAI

RUTLEDGE

The unwilling EAR *or*

A lighthearted manual on the cultivated pleasures of listening exactly to what people say instead of translating everything into the ear's pidgin English

My roommate started it, with his cheap cynicism. "Look at them," he said, curling his lip. "Twelve guests talking to twelve bridesmaids, and not one of the twenty-four is listening. You could go down that line and tell them you'd just blown up the Kremlin, and all they'd do is smile at you and say, 'Yes, isn't she lovely?' "

It was the June before our last year in college, I was visiting his home town, and these people were his friends, not mine. I was ready to try anything. We passed the bridal couple, and as my roommate lingered to kiss the bride, I pushed on to the maid of honour. "I've just blown up the Kremlin," I remarked chattily. She caught my tone, and gave me a fraction of her smile. "Yes, isn't she?" she said, looking to see where the waiter with the champagne was.

"I think you've got your dress on backwards," I said to the second bridesmaid. She flashed me a complete, luscious smile all for myself. "What did you say your name was?" she asked prettily.

"I've just drawn and quartered the Earl of Shrewsbury," I said to the ninth bridesmaid, rather loudly. The girl gave me a startled look.

"What do you expect me to do, call the police?" she asked. I was embarrassed, and I rushed on past the last three bridesmaids, muttering something about the bride's radiance.

Two days later, at another party, the bridesmaid who had listened came stealing up behind me. "You mean the police haven't got you yet?" she said in a low, clear voice—and then my rudeness became a bond between us. "I don't think you can expect people to listen at weddings," she said. We sat down and agreed that they don't listen much anywhere else, either.

This is a pity. Good listening is one of the attributes of civilization. It is also a cultivable art, like gourmet cooking or reading James Joyce. Although there are many subtleties to the art, initially it takes no more than the ability to stop talking occasionally.

I have lately been in touch with the ninth bridesmaid. (She became a bride herself in the summer of 1958, after an extremely adventurous career with a radio station in Paris and a year keeping the books for a copper mine in Arizona, but with her husband's permission we still correspond.) Together she and I have worked out a sort of manual of the pleasures of listening. It divides into three parts and a bonus.

The first part is pretty obvious, especially to people who were paying attention when they saw *My Fair Lady*. It's simply the art of listening to what people *say*. The unwilling ear doesn't do this. It translates everything into its own pidgin English. It can tell a Western accent from a New England one, but Nebraska and Wyoming, New Hampshire and Rhode Island sound exactly alike to it. A friend of mine, the owner of such an ear, took the Boston and Maine train from New York to White River Junction, Vt., where I met him.

"Did you have a Vermont or a Massachusetts conductor?" I asked. He didn't know. "Well, how did he announce the stations?" He just announced them, my friend said. A living ear would have noticed a difference. Massachusetts conductors tend to assume that passengers know where they are, and make a bare announcement. If you're pulling into Greenfield, they bark "Greenf'ld," as if it were about a syllable and a half. Vermont conductors are more suspicious of human nature, and they have perfected a cry something like a peewit's. "Greenfield!" they call, "greenfieldgreenfield-greenfield, greeeeenfield."

Mannerism is not all that the unwilling ear misses. It also misses shades of meaning. Really stupid ears don't even know that meaning has shades. An English poet was once standing beside a cataract (*not* the same as a waterfall—if you've an ear for shading you know that cataracts are bigger and make more noise than waterfalls—"the sounding cataract haunted me like a passion," another English poet wrote) when a couple of tourists came strolling up. Both were visibly overwhelmed. Finally the man turned to the woman. "My dear," he said solemnly, "it is sublime."

"Yes," she agreed in the same awed voice, "it is nice, isn't it?"

She clearly believed that she was saying the same thing. Which puts her in the same category as a woman my ninth bridesmaid knows who habitually addresses her husband as Lover, just as if James Thurber had never existed. "Come on, Lover," she'll say in ringing tones, dragging him away from a large cocktail party, "we've got to go home." There is a theory that she thinks "lover" as a mode of address has the same meaning as "love." What her husband thinks no one quite wants to ask.

The second part of good hearing is hearing not only what people say but how they say it. This is the art of tone, unknown to dictionaries and courts of law. Dictionaries and courts of law have only one tone, the matter-of-fact. If it is introduced into court as evidence that the defendant was seen looking at his girl and saying, "Baby, I'm going to eat you alive," the presumption must be that he contemplated cannibalism of a raw sort. His girl knows better. So does any student of tone.

There are not many students of tone. My ninth bridesmaid reports that her husband was talking about human frailty at a small dinner party last fall, and quoted Lope de Vega's famous prescription for it. Female infants, said Lope

BY NOEL PERRIN

how to miss the FUN

de Vega, should be put to death at birth. As for male infants, they are to be kept in monasteries until the age of eighteen and then sentenced to the galleys for life. "That would soon fix things up," my bridesmaid's husband concluded cheerfully.

He then became aware that his hostess was glaring at him. "You realize, of course," she said, her voice dripping scorn, "that this would be the last generation of the human race?"

I have had similar experiences in New Hampshire. I live in a small village about fifteen miles south of the large village I work in, and every now and then someone asks me why, when there is plenty of housing closer to hand.

The real reason is that I have been lent a ten-room farmhouse in the small village, and besides, I like the drive back and forth, which is along a river and without billboards. But when this explanation bores me, I vary it, as I did about a month ago with one of my colleagues. I said it was the winters—I couldn't stand them in Hanover, they were so cold; consequently I had moved south to avoid them. He looked at me for some time. "And you really think it helps?" he said.

I could have answered that fifteen miles is a hundredth of the way to Florida. I didn't, partly because I didn't think of it, partly because if I had he would have pointed out that the difference in winter temperature between New Hampshire and Florida averages only some forty-eight degrees, and that living where I do gains me less than half a degree of warmth. He was a man who could listen on only one level. About an inch down, roughly.

The third part of good listening is only for ears that are already a bit willing, even trained. This is the art of listening for echoes in words, or etymological listening. There is a great deal of private delight to be had in it.

The prime example of the art comes from neither me nor my ex-bridesmaid but from C. S. Lewis, who wrote *The Screwtape Letters, Out of the Silent Planet,* and that book with the superbly unprovocative title, *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century, Excluding Drama.*

Apparently Mr. Lewis was once introduced to a movie star, a woman with striking beauty and no ear for words. The beauty was obvious, but not the lack of ear. Accordingly, when the man who introduced them boasted that the star had "more glamour than any woman in Europe," Mr. Lewis was carried away.

"Ah," he said gravely, "which is your special interest then, punctuation or sentence structure?"

"Are you kidding?" the star answered, and began to look sulky.

A star with open ears (and a nodding acquaintance with etymology) would have heard the echoes in "glamour" and shared the joke. The echoes go something like this.

Back in the Middle Ages anyone who knew how to read was said to possess "grammar," or a knowledge of punctuation, sentence structure, and so forth. It was not a common possession. Churchmen had grammar and read the Bible. A few other people had grammar—and it was generally believed that what *they* read were books on sorcery, and that they spent their time casting spells. Grammar came to mean witchcraft.

When Scotsmen, who love to change *r*'s to *l*'s, picked up the word "grammar," they pronounced it with an *l*. "When devils, wizards, or jugglers deceive the sight, they are said to cast *glamour* o'er the eyes of the spectators," Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet, wrote in 1721.

Presently another Scottish poet, finding himself hopelessly in love, complained that the girl must have been using spells. "She hauds me wi' her glamour-gift," he moaned. By the beginning of the twentieth century, any enchanting, bewitching, spellbinding, or even just charming female could properly be called glamourous. Or else grammarous.

This is a fairly complicated echo, and maybe I expect too much of movie stars. Even little echoes, such as announcing checkmate in chess and knowing that what you're really saying is the antique Persian *shah-mat*—the king is dead—add another fillip to listening.

Thus end the three parts of the manual of hearing. Now for the bonus, which is overhearing. Overhearing may be the keenest pleasure of all, but it has a code of ethics without which it lapses into eavesdropping. The code is simply that anything you get in a public place is fair game, anything in a private place is out. As usual, it is my bridesmaid who has the prize example.

When she was working on that radio station in Paris, she went to the Paris Opéra nearly every week. Occasionally she went alone, for better listening—to both opera and audience. It was after one of these evenings that she heard unmistakably American voices ahead of her (Indiana or Illinois, she thinks), and spotted two middle-aged men in business suits. She could hardly wait to get their spontaneous impression of *La Forza del Destino,* and craftily trailed them down three flights of marble stairs. Alas, they had fallen silent. Neither spoke another word until they were almost to the street. Then the tall one turned gravely to the short one. "In a building this size, you'd think they'd install elevators," he said.

Wherever two or three are gathered together, as long as human vocal cords hold out, similar delights await the open ear. All it takes is listening.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Flash, the word that replaces kick for anything that relieves monotony. . . . This small statement by the British writer, Roy Thomson: "It is part of the social mission of every great newspaper to provide a refuge and a home for the largest possible number of salaried eccentrics." . . . The excitement worked up for the extraordinary auction of paintings and sculpture on April 27 for the benefit of The Museum of Modern Art, the donors handing over works by Cézanne, Miró, Picasso, Arp, Marin, Matisse, Nolde, and, among others, Braque. . . . The simplicity of one of the Esso TV commercials on "The Play of the Week": a one-minute intermission with only soft music.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Please Don't Eat the Daisies,* a new quite funny movie in which the added plot chokes some of the fragile hilarity of the family essays by Jean Kerr, a tough-minded woman, impersonated by Doris Day, sweet and patient, who knows, in the movie, that husbands are lovable, wrongheaded boys who can be brought around by woman's wisdom. . . . E. R. Braithwaite, whose book, *To Sir, With Love,* is his account of his persistent battle to transform a group of cruel, English adolescents in a London slum school into civilized, thoughtful students, a victory no one expected except the author, a Negro from British Guiana.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Television commercials in Britain where the sponsors, like the American ones, must make do with a little fakery using plaster froth for beer, mashed potatoes for ice cream, a "nice bar of wood" for sticky chocolate, and substituting plastic strawberries for real ones. . . . Laurence Harvey, inspired as a sleazy, salacious, small-time theatrical agent in Soho in *Expresso Bongo,* a witty movie that is a testimony to the back streets, warm, sympathetic, and worrying. . . . The attractiveness of the amusing, slight book, *Ninety Dozen Glasses,* by Marguerite Cullman whose life at the Brussels World's Fair yielded this special memory of a conversation with a Soviet guide who explained that Ernest Hemingway's book, *The Elderly Gentleman and the Ocean,* was read by children in Russia, and when Mrs. Cullman said that she had read it twice, the guide politely answered: "It must be nice to have time to read *everything,* even children's books."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the recent provocative art exhibition, *Antagonismes,* in which contrasting paintings (for instance Whistler and Koenig) are juxtaposed not in opposition, but rather in co-existence; the special curiosity, a ravishing, delicate effect by Yves Klein who covered a smooth surface entirely with real gold leaves, shuddering like aspen leaves at a breath. . . . The satirical exuberance of the new English movie, *I'm All Right, Jack,* which strikes out brilliantly at unions, shop stewards, politicians, management, that daft lot called the public, and has, among its pleasures, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, and Liz Fraser, a girl with an exaggerated Diana Dors bosom; above all, there is Margaret Rutherford whose face and figure and timing grow more and more incredible. . . . The young playwright, Arthur L. Kopit, whose farce, only produced so far at Harvard, is *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Momma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad.*

HAYA HARAREET, a young Israeli actress with melted-chocolate eyes, a plum-smooth look, and a screen of reserve that makes her seem, at times, almost catatonic, plays Esther in *Ben-Hur,* the grand-manner movie chosen to open the Cannes Film Festival on May 4. In London, *Ben-Hur* drew an advance ticket sale larger than that for *My Fair Lady,* was described in a single issue of *Variety* as doing an American business at once "smash," "terrific," "mighty," and "hotsy," and grosses about a million dollars a month. Presumably because nobody else has a chariot race, a fire at sea, and the birth of Christ, *Ben-Hur* will be exhibited at Cannes out of competition. Three years ago in Cannes, Miss Harareet, who had then spent two years in the Israeli Marines, made one Italian movie, and appeared in the Israeli *Hill 24 Does Not Answer,* first met William Wyler, the director about whom Jessamyn West once wrote, "William either focuses upon you or gets rid of you." In this case, Mr. Wyler focused. A year later he asked Miss Harareet to play opposite Charlton Heston in *Ben-Hur,* which she did with charm. Chary of easy smiles, she can, when she wants to, light up the room for three feet around her. What she has that few other young beauties have is the look, despite her illusionary fragility, of a woman who could have managed the Oregon Trail with verve, a woman with backbone, albeit beautifully covered, and one or two strong opinions about who she is. During the Vogue photographic session, she managed a smile—after one in a long series of near-identical expressions had been recorded. "That," she said, "was me."

PENN



People are talking about...in

Rome

. . . The mounting excitement as Rome prepares for the Olympic Games there this summer; the visitors already streaming in, and residents streaming out, so they can rent their houses and apartments to visitors. . . . The young American painter-photographer, William Klein, whose untrammelled, delighted view of the city has appeared in a book of photographs (called simply ROME), and who took all the photographs on these eight pages. . . . The vivacity of the new Italian fashions. *Above:* In the Basilica di Massenzio, stadium for the Olympic wrestling events, Simonetta's denim-blue linen dress and jacket (this year, Simonetta's sleeves are like Roman arches). Under the jacket, the dress is sleeveless and belted. The Laocoön-like group in the foreground is from the Borga-Prata wrestling club, which has several Olympic contenders. *Facing page:* Two black-and-white dresses by Capucci, on the black-and-white crosswalk of the Piazza di Spagna. Left, strapless tunic dress in black-striped white cotton ottoman—ottoman is beloved. Right, black ottoman tunic dress; white-striped underskirt, sash. In America at Neiman-Marcus. On all eight pages: "Roman Glow" make-up by Eve of Rome.

Rome



Above: With the principals in the Rome Opera's smashing production of *Tannhäuser*—an opera-goer in Fabiani's beautiful rose-printed evening dress of white warp taffeta, with a cape-like panel at back. The *dramatis personae*, from left to right: ballet-dancers Marisa Matteini and Guido Lauri; conductor Heinz Wallberg; Tannhäuser, Hans Hopf; Venus, Margarita Kenney; faun, Aldo Scardovi. The dress, in America at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Coiffure, by Alberto, of Eve of Rome. *Right:* Probably the most talked-about Roman, at the moment—Federico Fellini, brilliant movie director whose latest film, *La Dolce Vita*, is the biggest and most controversial success in Italian movie history. (On the wall: its huge poster.) Special buses take people from movie-less villages to see it; street riots have been caused, families rent asunder, a billion lire taken in at the box office in a month. In its over-three-hour running time, it shows Roman society, movie stars, journalists, and Roman life in general with pitiless, unflinching irony. With Mr. Fellini, here: Vogue mannequin in Simonetta's white ottoman evening coat; in America at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Hat by Canessa.

WILLIAM KLEIN


FELLINI
un gigantesc
società

Rome

Two Roman street-scenes—full of the cheerful hurly-burly that surges through Rome at all times, now at fever-pitch because of the Olympics. The street above leads off Piazza Navona, where the Stadium of Domitian stood, scene of games and chariot-races in ancient times. *Above:* The masterpiece in the foreground is unidentified, but the one in the centre is Fabiani's sleeveless white silk dress, with top gathered onto a high, curved band under the bust; in America at I. Magnin. Façade at end of street, above, is the church of S. Maria in Pace. *Right:* One of the giant cut-outs of Sophia Loren that advertise, provokingly, her latest movie. The real girl wears Carosa's black dress with long, fitted torso, full skirt. Dress, copied by Blauner, in textured silk; in America at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Frederick & Nelson.

WILLIAM KLEIN



Rome

Four Italian at-home costumes—perched unreasonably on top of the Palazzo Pasolini, with St. Peter's dome below. Coiffures: not a new Italian folly—it was windy up there. *Far left:* Worn by Countess Mancinelli Scotti (actress-model Elsa Martinelli), a striped taffeta blouse, silk shantung skirt and pants; in pinks, greens. By Galitzine; in America at Bergdorf Goodman. *Centre left:* Emilio Pucci's coverall of black elasticized silk shantung, jet-embroidered. In America at Filene's; The Blum Store. *Centre right:* Princess Irene Galitzine, wearing her own turquoise silk shantung belted tunic and pants. In America at Neiman-Marcus. *Far right:* Countess Alvise di Robilant, in Galitzine's braid-bound tunic, pants, of fuchsia shantung. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

WILLIAM KLEIN



Madame Mathieu St. Laurent: her Dior choices





Tiny, green-eyed Madame St. Laurent wears here—apart from four Maison Dior originals in Dior-model sizes—the irrepressibly pleased expression of a woman whose son has just pulled off an immensely successful coup. The son is, of course, Yves St. Laurent whose coup-pulling began two years ago when he became designer for Maison Dior. Wearing clothes from his spring collection, Madame St. Laurent was photographed at her son's new apartment in the Place Vauban where there is, at present, very little furniture but lots of fresh flowers—these arranged by Dedeban, traditional Dior florist. *Facing page:* Madame St. Laurent in Dior's limber little cardigan-jacketed suit; the overblouse is pale-blue silk. *Above:* Aquamarine linen tunic dress with the new Dior princess indentations; a straight skirt, clipped sleeves. *Below, left:* Madame St. Laurent, whose hair is a deep coppery colour, in bright turquoise organdie, princess-shaped. *Below, right:* Madame St. Laurent and her son. Her dress is black crêpe, bloused, bowed, pinned with pineapple-y glitter.



WILLY RIZZO



PLUMY AND DELICATE—THE EYEBROW OF THE VICOMTESSE DE RIBES

LOFTY AND SLENDER—THE EYEBROW OF MARLENE DIETRICH

ELEGANT THICKETY EYEBROW—MLLE. ALBINA DU BOISROUVRAY



What counts with make-up now—now that everyone's on to the elementary pleasures of looking better than natural—is how much paint and ingenuity can do to emphasize character and expression. What not to strive for is the stereotype . . . on the theory that one Sophia Loren, one Lauren Bacall, one Garbo is sublime, but hundreds would decrease the pow touched off by one fabulous face. To cultivate some individual pow one fast attack is the eyebrow revamp. With this in mind, we considered what looks were fabulous. Smouldering gently across the top of these pages are six famously alluring eyes, all emphasized to vast advantage by interesting eyebrows that depart in one way or another from classic proportions, and by these departures turn into something on-beyond-pretty. Mme. de Ribes's eyebrow, for instance, arches scarcely at all; instead of an upthrust peak, it has a slight downthrust directly above the eye's pupil, and the outer edge is de-emphasized. Miss Dietrich, long-term proponent of the slender eyebrow, actually gets her mightiest effect from tremendous elevation—the space between eye and eyebrow is more than usually wide, putting the eyebrow a jump farther up the forehead, closer to the hairline. The fact analysis, however, is unimportant; what matters is the memorable impact. Mlle. du Boisrouvray's drama depends on darkness, density, and fullness, with a very quick taper at the outer corner. With Lauren Bacall's almost horizontal eyes, it's the slightly off-centre peak, the angular drop toward the cheekbones that count. With Jane Fonda—abruptness matters; with Mrs. Guinness, a lovely lifted arch, generous shaping. To all of which one might well say, "Charming, but without an angular drop or a downthrust peak, where am I?" And the answer, cool and not at all remote, is simply to let nature copy art. Tweezers and pencil will conquer eyebrow-all, and while the initial decision and shaping require time, concentration, and possibly salon help, once the effective eyebrow has been established, it can be re-

6 famous eyebrows—and the

DIRECT, ANGLED EYEBROW—
LAUREN BACALL

SHORT-STOP BROW—
JANE FONDA

THE SWEEPING ARCH—
MRS. LOEL GUINNESS

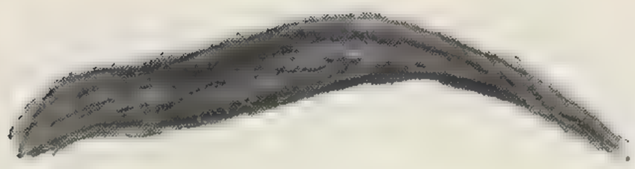


peated every day in an approximate thirty seconds before the mirror. Repeat, before the mirror; this is precision work that can't be brought off casually. There are, fortunately, rules, and while we think individuality happens only when the rules are mildly fractured, the starting point is normalcy; i.e., inner end of brow lined up with inner corner of eye; highest peak lined up with outer edge of eye's pupil when you look dead ahead; the outer eyebrow should never descend below the level of the inner beginning. The eyebrow's terminus should fall about halfway from the eye's outer corner to the hairline. Plucking may be needed to line up the eyebrow's start and the inner corner of the eye; more plucking to subtract from underneath the eyebrow and create an arch. By filling in this shape with a pencil, adding a bit to the top of the arch, it is possible to achieve the generally correct eyebrow that you might learn in an elementary drawing class—tidy, moderately becoming, but not necessarily exciting.

To go on from there towards individuality, you can begin by merely experimenting with pencil techniques. Start by brushing the eyebrow into shape with a clean mascara brush or one of the long-handled, fatter brushes specifically for this purpose. An automatic pencil with the hardest possible lead is right for eyebrows—although a very soft one is what you need for lid lining. Most women find it safest to begin with a light-brown pencil and add darker brown, dark grey, or—if you're a jet brunette—a smidge of black. Blondes should search for a light-brown pencil with no red tones; ash blondes will find medium grey delicious. Brunettes may prefer a soft drawing pencil with a non-shiny lead to make-up pencils. Obviously, some drama can be brought to brows by this basic pencilling. Darkness can be concentrated at the beginning, the peak, or the end; peaks in general can be raised; and by pencilling below the beginning of the eyebrow, then pencilling above the outsweep, one can get a rather debonair

30-second way to make your own

30-second eyebrow plan *continued*



TAPERING BROW



GIMMICKED EYEBROW



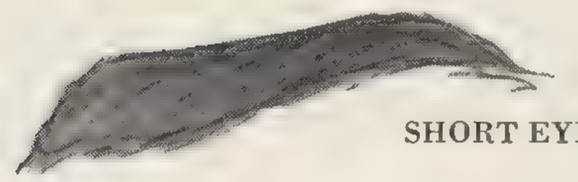
THICK-PEAKED EYEBROW



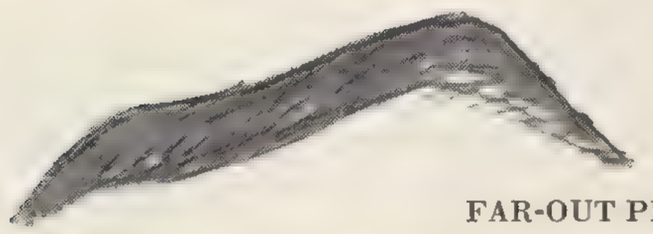
ITALIAN EYEBROW



KAY FRANCIS EYEBROW



SHORT EYEBROW



FAR-OUT PEAK



LEVEL EYEBROW



S-CURVE BROW

lift. Since any face can have more than one good eyebrow-manner, women with a taste for breaking rules can go on to further dynamics by way of more drastic pencilling and unroutine plucking. Plucking eyebrows farther apart than the inner corners of the eyes, for example, tends to improve smallish, undistinguished features. It will also give the illusion of wider-apart eyes (good skullduggery for women with small eyes set too close together). Narrow faces improve if eyebrows are shortened by plucking and pencilling. Broad faces look better with eyebrows extended well to the sides. Delicate faces do well with the emphasis toward the nose, then a slender extension. Round, plumpy faces can stand some angularity in their eyebrow life; it helps. However, while rules are helpful, the woman who's really out to capture individuality by the eyebrow route can only find it through careful experiment. With this in mind, Vogue asked Dick Smith, TV make-up director for Talent Associates, to devise the nine offbeat eyebrows stacked up to the left and detail the techniques described in this article. All the eyebrows are life-size and meant to be tried on. Character readings follow, beginning at the top, working down:

The tapering brow. This depends on a sort of one-two punch as far as pencilling goes—the beginning of the brow is rounded, then narrowed very slightly before it sweeps off toward the hairline. There's more rise than arch. Fairly classic.

The gimmicked eyebrow. Farthest from natural, this shape was described by Mr. Smith as "just sort of rococo," beginning with a zany little hook, high-peaked and angular. It could be the trick to add wit to a very pretty face; or, in rarer instances, the way to add zip to a fairly plain one. An eyebrow this daring can only live with immaculate make-up, good skin, and plenty of dash.

The thick-peaked eyebrow. Marvellous for long faces; generous; thickest at the peak, with the high point farther towards the ears than usual. Dipped at both ends.

The Italian eyebrow. Full and bold, with an upshot slant. Requires extra plucking underneath from the centre to the outer edge. Slightly angular peak. Lots of pencil, carefully built up with two shades, one light, one dark.

The Kay Francis eyebrow. Pointed, gentle, with an alluring suggestion of faint melancholy. Note the carefully developed corners.

The short eyebrow. Young, arresting; quick tonic for narrow faces. To get this effect it may be necessary to break the rule that eyebrows should stop half way between the outer corner of the eye and the hairline. This eyebrow actually ends just beyond the point where the peak would normally come.

The far-out peak. Very angular; interesting and often improving for wide faces.

The level eyebrow. Almost no peak here; devastating with direct, appealing eyes. Darkest pencilling along the top; the underside of the outer brow should be brushed up, pencilled in a diffuse manner; this substitutes for lift.

The S-curve brow. This represents a compromise between the generous eyebrow and the thin-line; it's a full ellipse towards the nose, a slender sweep from the peak out. Good for narrow faces. Possible for widish faces if it's tilted up.

Famous last words: Don't count your thirty seconds until your eyebrow has been thatched and practised for at least a week. Then aim for a daily 30-second dash.

French roses—pink to coral on frost white; yards of them pleated, in this year of the pleat, in a ravishingly pretty dress from the Dessès collection. Beneath the soft tiers of nylon is a flare of crinoline that floats the skirt and the petal-weight train.

The look here for evening is all muted: the skin toned a moonlit ivory, the lips a pale, shimmering coral. The muted eye is softly shadowed, lashed and lined in brown. The coiffure is Carita's, with hair swirled into a tall, smooth crown, and this bit of willfulness—a runaway curl down the side of the face. All make-up from Pond's new Paris-prompted colours: Angel Touch Liquid Make-up in Ivory; the lipstick, French Coral.

SCHATZBERG





Flamenco pleats

From the gypsy-in-my-soul world of Nina Ricci, this romanticism innumerable chiffon pleats stirring up most of the colours in a summer afternoon. With it, the jangle of gypsy earrings, a blue straw hat flying the dress colours. Copied here by Nat Kaplan, Saks Fifth Avenue: Neiman-Marcus. Jacqueline Cochran make-up.

White-cloud hatting

On the rise, the head-in the-clouds deliciousness of looks like this — yards and yards of white veiling banked on a tall chiffon scuttle. By Sally Victor. Also: Hutzler's: Famous-Barr: Frederick & Nelson.



FASHION NATURALS, U.S.A.

T-clothes –
new knitted
cotton ideas

RUTLEDGE



T-clothes—knitted cotton outgrowths of the offhand T-shirt—here, with a new fashion status: more shape, more character. Starting here, three T-dresses, one T-suit, all knitted cotton in new arrangements of black and white, and all designed specially for Vogue which launched the whole T-shirt dress idea six Aprils ago. *Opposite page:* Knitted cotton dress in black and white checks. About $20. Crown umbrella. Aris gloves. All at Bloomingdale's. Dress, also Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Hat: Lilly Daché. *Left:* T-dress in bold black and white stripes, belt-gathered. About $20, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Dayton's; Harzfeld's. Black straw hat by Mr. John. Both dresses by Sportwhirl, in Permathal Everglaze knitted cotton by Alamac.



T-clothes

continued

Left: Black knitted cotton suit that divides into a dress—with tank-top of black and white stripes—and jacket. This, to start now and lead gently into summer (a point that applies as well to all the T-clothes here). Other blackening: a patent leather belt, black organza cloche. Suit by Masket Bros.; about $40 at Lord & Taylor; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Hat: Lilly Daché. *Right:* T-(for two pieces) dress in black and white checks. The black-buttoned blouse tucks into a full pocket-bearing skirt, under a black patent leather belt. Dress by Haymaker of Permathal Everglaze knitted cotton by Alamac; about $23. Grandoe gloves. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus: I. Magnin. Hat: Lilly Daché.

On the wave
of fashion:
the
amphibious
coat

PALUMBO

There's twofold news here: the cardigan coat, the white coat—both fashions that are going like 'Sixty. As an added bonus, both are amphibious—sunny-day coats that will double as raincoats at the drop of a hat.

Opposite page: Rain and shine versions of an easy, cardigan coat; black wicker-weave cotton. rimmed with white braid. By March & Mendl, about $20; at Best & Co.; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Sun factor added: a Mr. John cloche, deep-browed; black dice dots printed on white silk.

This page: Amphibious white coat with black velveteen collar, two black buttons. By Sherbrooke, of textured cotton; about $30. At Altman's; Himelhoch's; Wm. H. Block. With it in the sun-struck picture: white and black Mr. John silk toque.

Both pages: Glentex scarfs; tall Wellington boots, shiny black rubber, knee-high, to wear without shoes. By U.S. Rubber; $9. All: Best & Co.



RAWLINGS

MR. AND MRS. COLIN, WITH AN ARP ON THE TABLE AND A MANET ON THE WALL

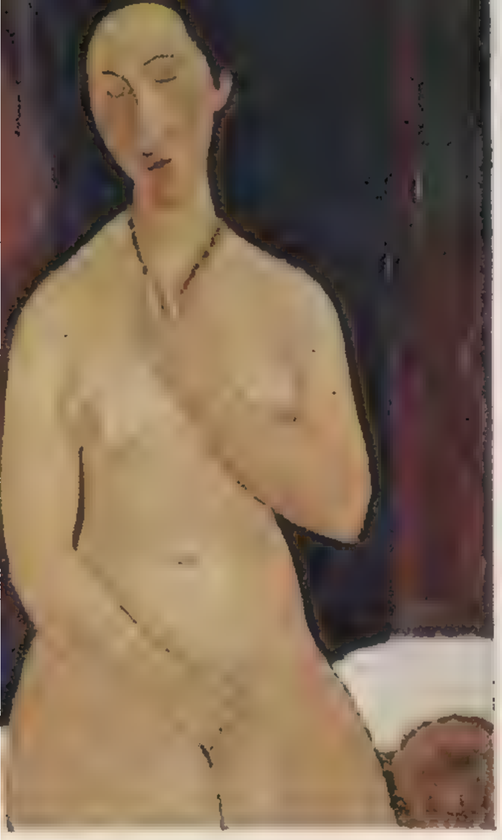
MANET TO ARP— THE COLIN COLLECTION

For the first time shown publicly for the benefit of the Hospitalized Veterans

With this first exhibition of their collection, at Knoedler's, for the benefit of the Hospitalized Veterans Service of the Musicians Emergency Fund, Inc., the Ralph F. Colins have combined three of their deep interests: art, music, and philanthropy. Conservatives who have lived in the same apartment in New York for more than twenty-five years, the Colins respond eagerly to a great variety of art, new, strange, old, passive, always compelling. In 1935 they bought their first painting, the brilliantly nervous, green and yellow Soutine, "White House on a Hill," which some of their friends at that time felt was far too distorted and violent to live with. They hung it over the exquisitely carved eighteenth-century pine mantelpiece in their living room and enjoyed it profoundly. In time it was joined by fifteen more Soutines; by, among others, Rouault, Picasso, Miró, Gris, Utrillo, Matisse; by Soulages, Riopelle, Dubuffet, Winter, Brancusi, Rodin, Chinese Han tiles, Haniwa and Gandharan sculpture, African and pre-Columbian pieces. Everything went together—eighteenth-century English, French, and Italian furniture, *(Continued on page 151)*

"VIOLIN AND GUITAR," 1913, BY JUAN GRIS





MODIGLIANI: "NUDE WITH NECKLACE," 1917



MIRÓ: "THE POETESS," 1940



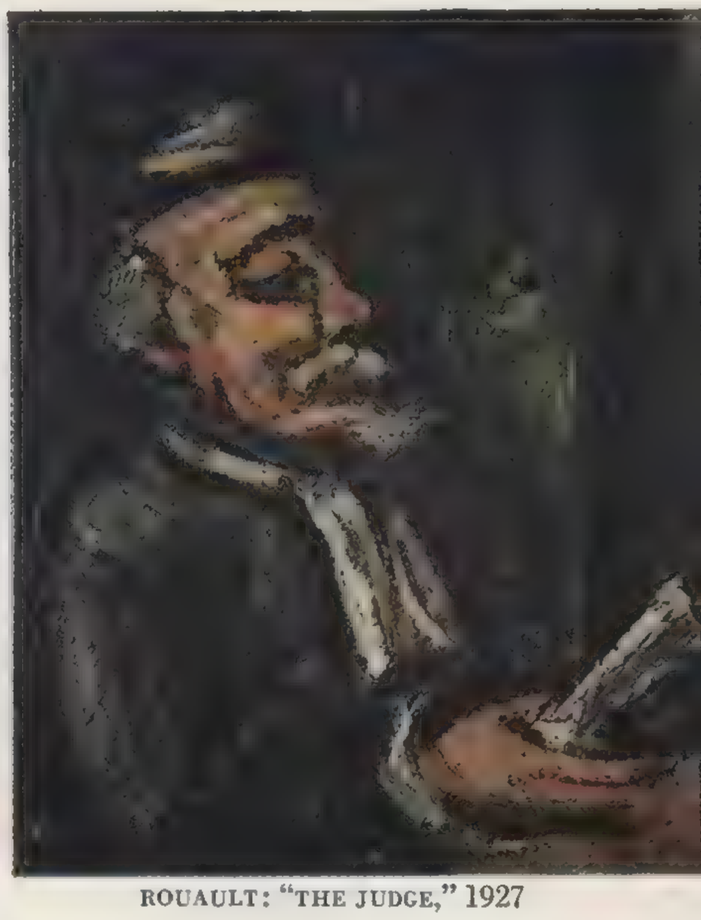
HANIWA: FIGURE OF WARRIOR, A.D. 2-4



BONNARD: "BOTTLE OF RED WINE," 1942

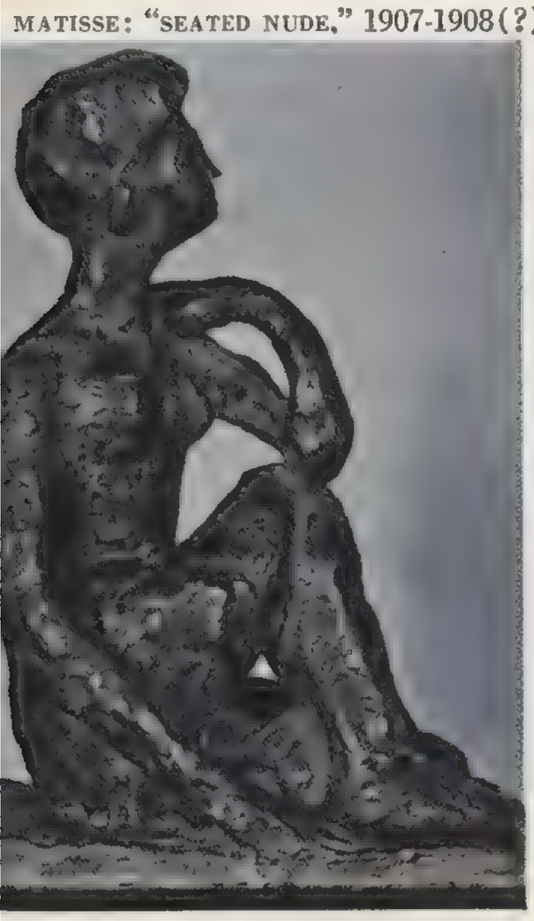


GIACOMETTI: "CITY SQUARE," 1948



ROUAULT: "THE JUDGE," 1927

MATISSE: "SEATED NUDE," 1907-1908(?)



ALBERS: "RESTRAINED GLOW," 1951



KLEE: "WOMEN'S PAVILION," 1921





JAWLENSKY: "VARIATION SUMMER," 1915



SOUTINE: "BOY IN BLUE," 1928-9



DAUMIER: "LE RATAPOIL," 1850



MATISSE: "GUITARIST," 1903



BRAQUE: "CERET, ROOFTOPS," 1911



VUILLARD: "SYMPHONY IN RED," 1899-1900

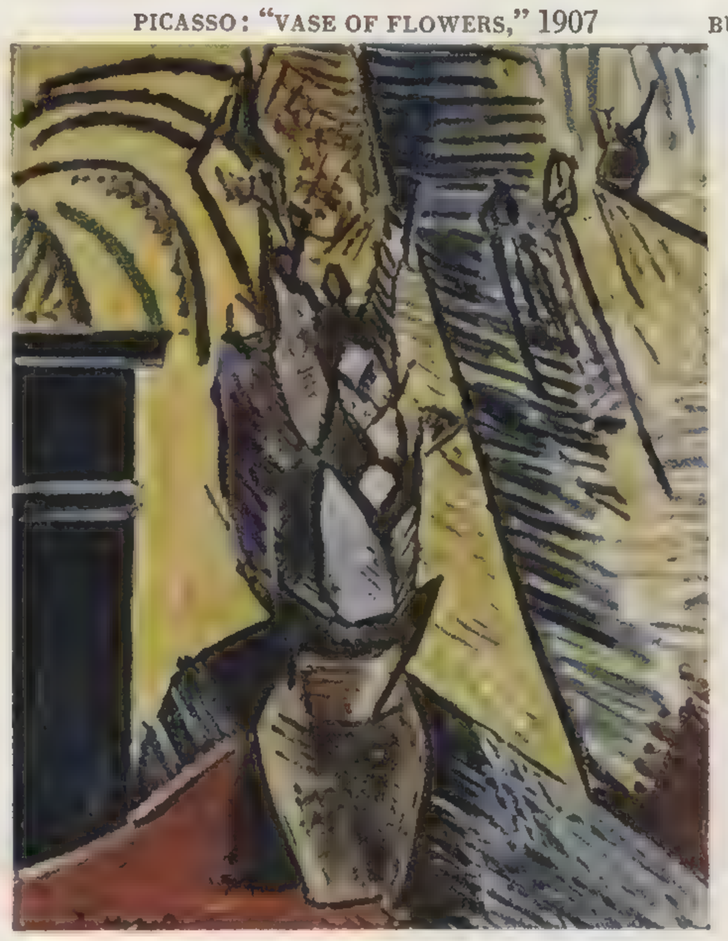


MARINI: "HORSE," 1948

LIPCHITZ: "SEATED BATHER," 1917



PICASSO: "VASE OF FLOWERS," 1907



BUTLER: "STUDY, GIRL WITH CHEMISE," 1954



DUBUFFET: "HEAD WITH LILAC NOSE," 1951



Informed, admiring, unconcerned with periods, Mr. and Mrs. Colin at times bought courageously paintings now accepted; their collective eye quickly enjoys the fresh. Only discernment, the vital enthusiasm, and the pleasure of the owners hold these thirteen paintings and seven sculptures together. These give the feel of this remarkable collection of one hundred and thirty-four works.

For further description, see page 148

THE 20th CENTURY

ALISON FRANTZ—AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES, ATHENS



From the Parthenon, a lion's-eye view of the Sacred Way

At the Agora in Athens, Americans and archaeologists go out in the midday sun

By

ROSEMARY BLACKMON

In the brilliant, purifying Greek sun, a marble block puzzle of excavations sprawled around us in the Athenian Agora, a dig distinguished because the Agora was the ancient main drag of Athens, a centre of motley commerce, litigation, and political jostling as worldly as the Acropolis was not. For archaeologists—some of the best of them were dotted about the dig the day I arrived—this compact twenty-five-acre plot holds the further fascination of having been continuously inhabited for five thousand years. Perhaps only Byblos, the Phoenician city north of Beirut, beats its record.

An early, accurate forecast of riches to be revealed by digging the Agora was made in 1927 by Dr. Abraham Flexner, a spearhead reconnaissance man for the great Rockefeller philanthropies. Inspired by Professor Edward Capps, of Princeton, he wrote from Greece to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., that the Greek government, having found the cost of excavating the area beyond its resources, was prepared to yield certain of its rights to any of the foreign schools of classical studies that would undertake the work. "Nowhere in the world," waxed Flexner, "does a similar opportunity exist for adding to our knowledge and treasures. . . . It would be a glorious thing if American scholars could be enabled to take advantage of this opportunity."

An accomplished pleader—quick and direct about important bites—Flexner undoubtedly knew that he was addressing a mind already caught and softened by long association with Dr. James H. Breasted, the famous Egyptologist whose impatience with "the inertia of the humanities" brought about the excavation of much of the Mediterranean Orient. Two months after the letter, Rockefeller instructed Flexner to pledge an anonymous gift of $250,000 to begin the digging of the Agora. Negotiations with the Greek government were launched by the American School in Athens, and the continuous habitation of the Agora stopped. But slowly; it was necessary first for the School to acquire the land, a modern slum slow to dissolve.

Now—after almost thirty years of digging and study—the Agora is the very model of a modern archaeological site: orderly, organized, an impressive centre for further historical research. Besides that, the total of some two and a half million Rockefeller dollars, supplemented by gifts from many other sources, has provided for a remarkable example of "pious restoration" in the rebuilt Stoa of Attalos, a Hellenistic colonnade of shops reconstructed to include "as many fragments of the original stoa as the engineers would allow."

On the hot afternoon when I first went through the gate to all this magnificence, Athens was swept everywhere else with the stillness of the long persuasive siesta which prevails from one to five during the Greek summer. Only Americans and archaeologists, it seems, go out in the midday sun.

I qualified on the first count. And I was eager, hard bitten by the space-time-continuum syndrome that eats out the hearts of tourists in Greece. Then, too, I had the happy advantage of a semi-archaeological cohort, Dr. Marie Farns-

IS THEIR HOTEL

worth, an energetic chemist from Missouri whose technical knowledge of pottery—the most useful, incidentally, of all dating mechanisms—has endeared her to experienced excavators on the Agora staff.

"First," she said in tones of purest Missouri, "I'm going to turn you over to Homer and Dorothy." And she gestured up the rocky incline where the current digging was going on. This tantalizing reference was not whimsy. Homer Thompson, who came by his name in Canada and not in Troy, is professor of Classical Archaeology at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, and has been since 1945 field director of the excavations of the Athenian Agora. His wife, Dorothy, a lively mite of a woman whose archaeological specialty is Greek figurines, works with him.

In the new dig, a tan geometry of caked mud, marble fragments, and massive rocks, the Thompsons' symbols of authority were farmers' straw hats, faded slacks, and Penrod Oxfords. The rocks paved the line of what was once the Sacred Way—route of the famous Panathenaic procession illustrated by the Elgin marbles. Winding from the outskirts of the city through the shallows of the Agora, the procession then mounted steeply to the Acropolis, where in ancient times the sacred olive tree was revered and appropriate sacrifices made to the gods. As we struggled up the jagged slope, Dorothy sighted us and set up a mixed cry of greeting and inquiry.

Scrambling after her over inscrutable "walls" and trenches, we dipped into a little mud bowl where the atmosphere dappled with excitement and triumph. At its centre was a new find, a collection of cups packed as neatly as they might have been in a barrel of china for trucking from Natchez to Mobile. An alluringly gnarled Greek workman with a blue handkerchief knotted over his head whisked away at the freshly dug, reddish dirt with a battered whisk broom. Occasionally, he put that down and worked skillfully at harder spots with the point of a trowel, and as often as it seemed proper, he looked up, aflash with satisfaction and pleasure. The Brains gathered: "Well decorated." . . . "Sixth century, I'd say." . . . "No, definitely seventh century B.C." . . . Did Marie, the pottery chemist, see any evidence of a kiln?

We fell back so that the cups could be photographed exactly as they were first seen, and Dorothy Thompson retired to her centre of operations, a rough plank table; beside it, three great terra-cotta bowls used for the triple bath—water, acid, water—given new finds. Odd chunks of marble weighted papers on the table, and sturdy though raffish boxes held small objects recently removed from the site; each of these had a number that keyed it to the exact area where it was discovered. (In the words of Sir Leonard Woolley, ". . . an object robbed of its context may be a snare.")

"That workman who dug the cups looks like an old hand," I volunteered, shakily.

"He's such an old hand he can give you a parallel for anything you find," said Dorothy. "When we first uncovered those cups, he asked me if they weren't like some we found on Hymettus—and that dig on Hymettus was the first one I ever laid eyes on." To record the day's strike she reached for a well-bound little notebook (numbered like the find boxes) which I was to recognize later as one of the badges of the digging archaeologist.

Chickens prowled idly over some broken columns, and a summery pair of lovers spooned languidly on the slope above us, their backs to the Parthenon. Abandoned while Marie explored pots, and Dorothy catalogued her nest of cups, I faced for the first time the enigma of a huge ruin or dig without the guidance of a trained eye. Great slices of pillar lay here and there, colossal capitals, rubble of engaging if totally bewildering variety, ridges that presumably—to the knowing—indicated the boundaries of rooms and buildings, shattered statues; all of these in great profusion. And thrusting hugely up one long side of the area was the amazing roadbed of the Sacred Way gouged with B.C. wagon ruts. Near the top of this we came upon a lean and elegant professor muttering over what might be the ruins of a temple, "It's all chewed up by these mediaeval things . . . they raised hell with it."

Skidding down the grade again, I was stopped by the vast torso of a statue recently dug up; the folds in the sculptured robe were still crammed with dirt, and Dorothy Thompson stood in the shadow of her incredible hat surveying the effect with evident satisfaction.

"What is it?" I asked with what I instantly realized was gaucherie of the most unforgivable sort.

"Well, what would *you* think it is?" she lashed back. "We found a hand over there where Homer's standing; it may belong to my statue and it may not."

Across some tortured gullies, Homer flourished over his notebook a great marble fist, grinned a dazzling grin.

"Call it the right hand of God," offered Dorothy. Then to me, "Come in and have some tea."

We drifted into the cool colonnade of the Stoa of Attalos, which serves as a museum for discoveries and as a main office, library, et cetera, for the archaeological staff as well as for visiting students and scholars. Architecturally, the Stoa is not considered great shakes. Much later than the architectural thrills that marked the age of Pericles and the building boom that produced the Parthenon, its neighbour; the Erechtheum, the famous Temple of Hephaistos, and the Temple of Zeus at Olympia, it dates from the less triumphant period of the second century B.C. The special pleasure of seeing it restored, and beautifully restored, is the pleasure of seeing a typically Mediterranean building in use. Its colonnades (now re-roofed, incidentally, by beams of Douglas fir from the American Northwest) are populous as the colonnades of Greek buildings were in ancient times, affording shelter from cold winds and from the intense Mediterranean sun; and what space would have been shops and meeting places, has been ingeniously adapted to the needs of the working staff.

In the dim basement were shelves and shelves of objects—enormous wine jars, pots, shards, *(Continued on page 145)*

Small money talk



FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL







Left, top: This traveller, of Arnel beige jersey, with a definitive black dotted belt, talks at about $18. By Minx Modes, of Burlington fabric, in junior sizes. Brown straw hat, by Betmar. Both at Jay Thorpe. Dress, also at Marshall Field. *Left, below:* Little T-shirt with great aplomb and full skirt to match in white knitted cotton-and-acetate. with a daisy-yellow belt. Another big traveller, its ticket is $13. By Jantzen, at Macy's. Yellow hat, by Sally Victor. *Above left:* Beige silk coat-dress, affluent with black coin dots, unpressed pleats. By Jane André, in junior sizes, about $35. Napier jewellery. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress. also Harzfeld's. *Above right:* Winning daily-double in dress to wear with or without cropped jacket of seaweed-green cotton piqué. White sleeveless cotton piqué bodice and green and white striped belt. By E. T. Juniors, in a Fuller fabric; $30, Bloomingdale's. White pillbox wrapped in stiff ribbon, by Walter Florell. *Right:* In-town tunic, black-and-white printed cotton tweed, its shape traced surely in black braid. About $40, by Betty Carol, in junior sizes. Lacquer-bright black straw hat, by Madcaps. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress: I. Magnin.



More small money talk



FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL







Left, top: Glib little jacket to wear two ways—either on its butterscotch-striped ticking side or its all white side—with a sleeveless butterscotch ticking dress; both of Avondale cotton. By Mr. Mort, about $40; in junior sizes. Pins by De Nicola. All at Lord & Taylor. Dress and jacket, also at Joseph Magnin. *Left, below:* Tunic suit of white and black cotton seersucker, as travel-up as Fodor's *Jet Age Guide to Europe.* Coat, lined with lemon cotton, is 7/8ths length; the sheath, short-sleeved. By Deb Time, in Lowenstein fabric (junior sizes); $55, at Altman's. *Above, left:* More double talk in this goldenrod and white reversible coat. White dress is piped in the coat colour. By California Girl, of grained rayon, about $35. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. *Above, right:* Tent-striped coat, navy and white cotton ticking, with pitching ease in city or country. Dress is of navy-blue cotton sailcloth, a Fuller fabric. By Amerique, about $40 (junior sizes); Altman's. *Right:* More jacket virtuosity in this short red cardigan that works with more than just its dress colleague here, white Arnel and Zantrel sharkskin, pleated skirt. Jacket of rugged rayon, a Cohama fabric. By Stephan Ltd., about $40. Natural straw hat by Sally V. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress and jacket, also at L. S. Ayres.




G.W. Larson

Applied black-and-white

What one woman does for it, and vice versa—day and night examples

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



The black and white idea, and how one woman applies it to her wardrobe, as capsuled here by two representatives—one for day, one for night. The clothes on these pages are worn by their owner, Mrs. Richard Dorso, a former Vogue model and fashion editor who is now a devastating grandmother. All of Mrs. Dorso's clothes show a leaning toward black and white, probably because her looks do too: black and white hair, dark eyes, wonderfully pale skin. This colouring she plays up with domino make-up—pale powder, black-and-white eye dressing (white shadow, black lash-liner and mascara), no rouge, a clear cerise lipstick. All this, a matter of long standing with Mrs. Dorso who considers these colours her best fashion friends—"now that I've found them, I'm loyal to them." *Right:* Black and white evening dress with a matte jersey top, chiffon skirt. Mrs. Dorso loves its stark softness, wears it for dinner parties (given or gone to) with pearls, black satin sandals. Ceil Chapman dress of rayon-and-acetate jersey, silk chiffon; about $185. Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Mademoiselle shoes. *Left:* Little black dress that builds into an easy dinner look (could be directed to any other hour of a day by adding other blackness, whiteness). White is applied here by long crushed gloves, checks in an otherwise-black silk scarf. Other late-day-isms: two enormous glittery pins, a black suède sash. Dress by Lawrence Knitwear, of Orlon Cantrece; about $35. Altman's; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin.



SIX WEEKS ON AN INLAND FLOATING HOTEL CATCHING EUROPE

BY CANDACE VAN ALEN

Although rivers and canals linked the countries of Europe long before Mr. McAdam invented macadam, somehow both time and tourists have passed them by. My husband and I and five cameras explored them last summer, drifting through Europe for six weeks quite out of this world in the Half Moon, a fishing boat as comfortable as that old shoe, and it looked like one—a big Dutch wooden one. We signed up the boat because we wanted a holiday in the summer but not in the summer traffic. Peopled by, besides us, only barge families, fishermen, and lock keepers, the Half Moon's path beat through fresh beauty we would never have caught by road, with stops for the revelations of good country food and neighbourly talk. The boat gave us this, and a bonus: a daily choice between lolling on board or briskly examining the countryside. With bicycles stowed aboard and cars for hire at any village, we were completely amphibious. Our itinerary, roughly triangular, was Holland to Belgium to France to Germany, then back to the home port of Holland. From the wide Dutch canals, the Half Moon followed the River Maas south across the border into Belgium, where the Maas becomes the Meuse and the river banks swell into the Ardennes. Forested hills channelled us into France and *(Continued on page 122)*



In France, near the Belgian border, the Half Moon; Candace Van Alen on deck. (This photograph by her husband, James Van Alen.)



On a peaceful canal near Bar-le-Duc, France, the Half Moon heads into the dawn



Moored in Paris for a week



Above, castle on the Rhine, the fourteenth-century Burg Katz, above St. Goarhausen.



Left, the Half Moon follows a barge into a water viaduct that bridges the Meuse.

BY FISHING BOAT



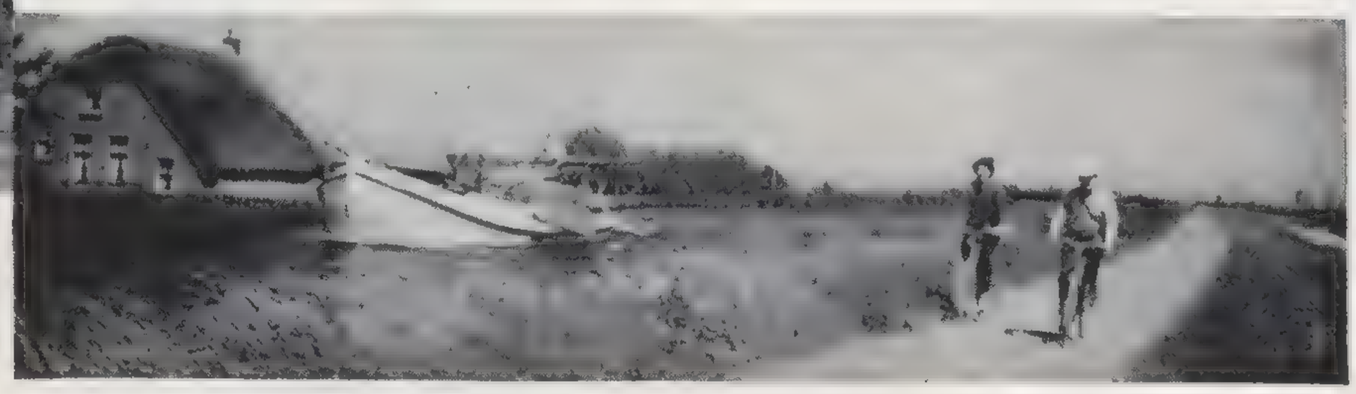
Right, floating between Vitry le François and Bar-le-Duc, the Van Alens on deck, their picnic lunch bought by the waterside: *couronne de pain*, Dutch ham, fresh lettuce and tarragon, Brie cheese, peaches and *madeleines*, a bottle of Moselle wine.

Left, on the Meuse River in Belgium, near Anseremme where Baudelaire lived among the willows on the Île d'Amour: a fifteenth-century Walloon priory.





The Half Moon under sail near The Hague.





Above, Maastricht, Holland, near the Belgian border where the Maas River becomes the Meuse.

the Canal des Ardennes winding through fields of golden wheat or the odd blue-green of alfalfa. In Paris we tied up at the yacht landing run by the Touring Club of France, and lived there a week, the Half Moon our hotel, the Seine our cradle, the Place de la Concorde our front yard.

From Paris, we followed due east, first the Seine and then the Marne, which soon became a canal cutting through the rolling champagne country into the farming heart of France. At Nancy, we laid over to investigate the palaces built by exiled King Stanislas of Poland, competing on an exquisite scale with the Versailles of his son-in-law, Louis XV. Heading east again, the canal climbed a water-ladder of locks, then, descending abruptly at Strasbourg, spilled us into the Rhine. That river's swift current carried the boat northward past vineyards and castles, Worms and Cologne with their cathedrals, the Ruhr with its factories, back to Holland and the Half Moon's home berth in Amsterdam.

To do this trip, we looked for a boat with two special qualities: comfort and a shallow draught—no time on our schedule for running aground in canals. About five feet is the maximum permissible draught, but we wanted a boat with even less keel so that we could come into shore at any place. The Half Moon filled this bill. Not very large, 43 feet long by 16 feet wide, with a high broad bow and leeboards, she is a classic Dutch fishing boat. Her insides had been made over into what nautical people call a saloon, a roomy lounge that is living room, dining room, and, when necessary, bedroom for two or three guests. She had two comfortable cabins, a double and a single, plus a large galley, rich with refrigerator and an ice chest, both useful for the regional specialties we were soon discovering almost every day.

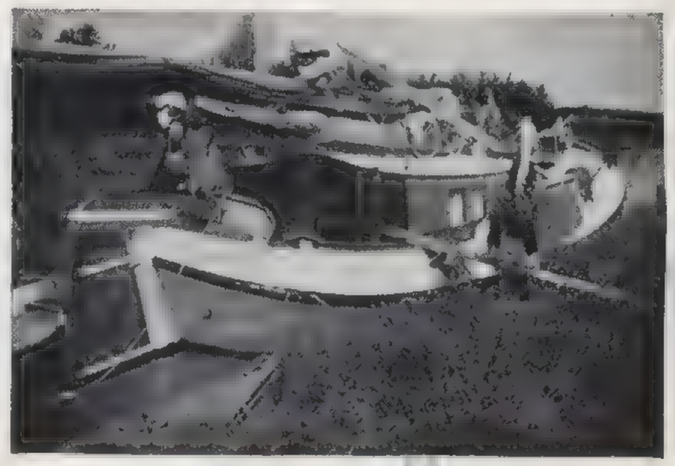
When I first looked over the plan of the boat and saw W.B. marked with each stateroom, I thought it meant "with bath." For future charters, I now know that it means wash basin. The bathtub was a large red plastic dishpan filled by hot water from a tea kettle.

Crew quarters were forward. Our crew numbered two, both Dutchmen: Jens, the Captain, tireless, dour, and efficient; Hans, the cabin boy, whose continuous smile compensated for the fact that he didn't know a word of English.

Shining white in the moonlight, the Half Moon awaited us in the canal alongside the Netherlands' Schiphol Airport, where we had flown direct from opening day at Ascot. When we stepped aboard, we entered a travel world new to us: no telephones, no packing and unpacking, no reservations—hotel, plane, or train, our

The Van Alens go dike-biking; their boat follows on a Dutch canal.

Canal bank flower-picking at Gondreville, near Nancy.





Paying the toll at an Amsterdam bridge: cabin boy puts coins in a wooden shoe.

LUNCHEON

At the Dikker en Thijs Restaurant, Amsterdam, Holland

Bols Gin, chilled and neat

LOBSTER AND GRAPEFRUIT COCKTAIL

CHICKEN LIVERS FLAMBÉ

with Madeira, raisins, and rice

SOUFFLÉ FRAMBOISE

DUTCH TREAT

On board the Half Moon, Holland

SMOKED EEL

RYE BREAD

Amstel Gold Beer



Riverside at Dinant, Belgium: a fortress and church domes

DINNER

At the Restaurant Capucin Gourmand, Nancy, France

PORCELET EN GELÉE DE RIESLING

(Baby pork in wine aspic)

VEAL SCALOPPINE TANTE NINI

with mushrooms

STRING BEANS BÉARNAISE

Bruley

(Pink Alsace wine)

SIBÉRIEN

(Frozen café mousse)

MACARONS DE NANCY

CAFÉ FILTRE MIRABELLE

(Sugar lump burned in Mirabelle liqueur)

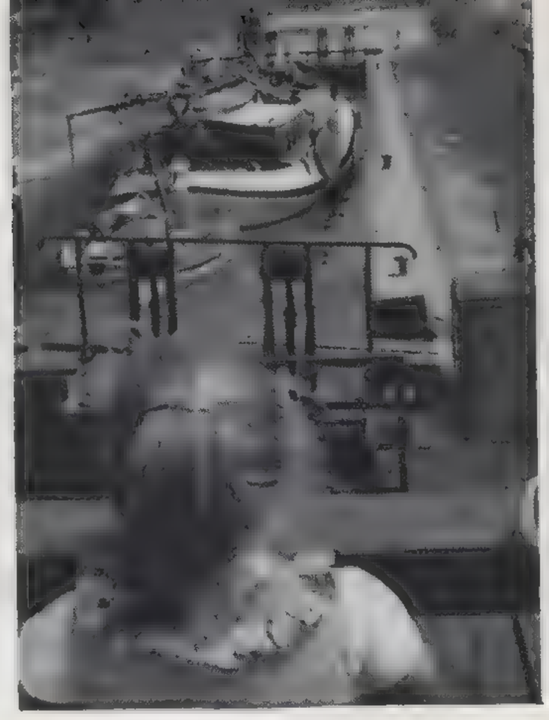


In Paris on the Half Moon, cocktail guests: Janine de Ayala, Richard Myers, Julian Allen.



After Paris, the Half Moon waiting for water to fill up a lock.

ARNHEM



Near Épernay, France: a child watches the Half Moon, its dinghy, a hitchhiking kayak.



Posed to come down a mountain.

DÜSSELDORF

only schedule what our mood and the landscape suggested. And, of course, the clothes life could not have been less complicated. My Half Moon wardrobe consisted of slacks, shorts, long-sleeved shirts, warm sweaters, two changes of "store clothes" for shore trips, everything drip-dry except the evening dresses I brought along for the Paris balls. Most smashing success was an old sash-belted polo coat, great for bicycling or slipping on over pyjamas to go up on deck.

COLOGNE

First day aboard, our 100-horsepower engine took us to the Yacht Club at Warmond, midway between The Hague, where we looked over the seventeen Rembrandts in the Mauritshuis, and Amsterdam, where we saw more Rembrandts, lunched at Dikker en Thijs, one of Europe's great restaurants, and, at the Adrian, latched onto the idea of Bols Gin, neat, instead of a Martini.

BONN

Hollanders have developed special waterside manners. Collecting the bridge toll is a ceremony. As the boat moves under the opened bridge, the attendant dangles a wooden shoe from the end of a long fishing pole; you tuck the toll money inside the shoe's toe; the bridge man reels it back in.

Locks are the key to European water travel. In Holland they are huge mechanical affairs capable of taking fifteen or twenty barges at a time. While we waited beside them for the water to rise to the higher level of the river, barge babies waved to us from playpens on top of the wheelhouses, barge parents called over questions in Dutch or Flemish, and barge dogs barked apprehensively. We were a curiosity, the only travelling pleasure-craft. The barge world, a remarkable one, consists of families on the go in neat waterborne cottages with lace curtains and potted plants; of children who either go to barge boarding schools, or stay at home on their own barge and mail lessons in. My favourite was a Belgian barge with two cars lashed on and three handsome Oriental rugs airing in the sun.

At Dordrecht in a *bodega* (the Spanish word for wine cellar means bar in Holland), we came upon one of many Dutch treats: smoked eel, accompanied by rye bread and Amstel Gold Beer. Holding the eel by the head, you peel the skin down, and eat it from right to left. Something like corn on the cob, but more provocative.

The day after Dordrecht, we did our first biking. While we were gone, the Half Moon always kept right on travelling, but there was no danger of missing the boat. She either caught up with us or we with her. Bicycling on top of the brick-paved dikes, we saw neat Dutch houses, well below water level, with stables and sheds as old and dark as a Rembrandt, orchards everywhere—even growing sideways out of the dike bank, scarecrows keeping an eye on them.

The Half Moon left the Maas River for the Juliana Canal which led us to the southernmost tip of Holland, the ancient town of Maastricht, nineteen times besieged, and ringed by the ruins of several city walls. We stopped there at the Hôtel du Casque for dinner on a geranium-bordered balcony *(Continued on page 146)*



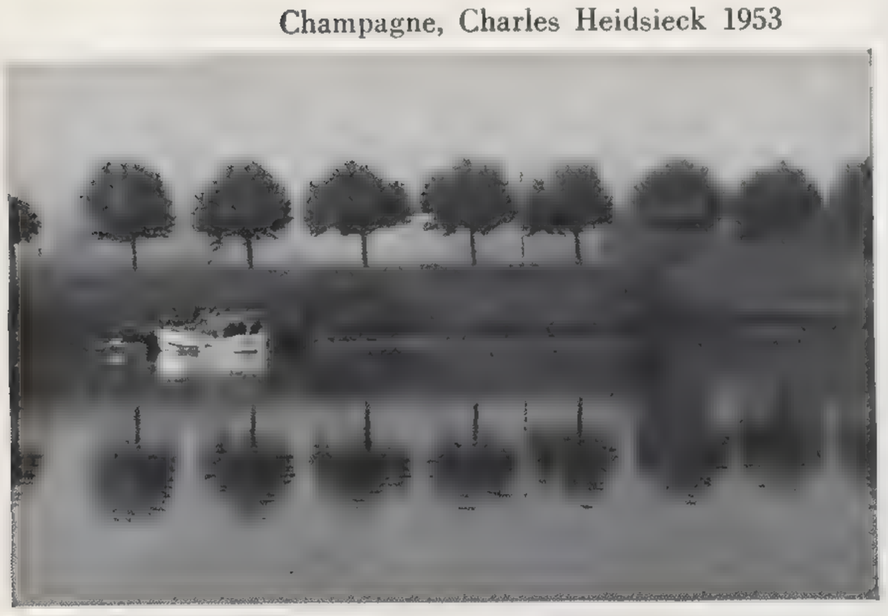
In the French champagne country, a canal that cuts through farmland.

LIÉGE



While a lock keeper advises Mrs. Van Alen of locks ahead, his wife goes to fetch fresh eggs.

DINNER
On board the Half Moon, Belgium
COLD ARDENNES HAM
MOUNTAIN TROUT, MEUNIÈRE
Fresh caught in Ardennes streams and grilled with butter
LETTUCE AND TOMATOES
From riverside garden, with lemon
VAUTEM STRAWBERRIES
with heavy cream
Champagne, Charles Heidsieck 1953



Half Moon at rest by lollipop trees on the Rhine.

DINNER
At the Kurhaus Terrace, Wiesbaden, Germany
COLD APRICOT SOUP
REH SPIKE
(Saddle of larded venison with cranberries)
GOLDEN POTATO ROLLS
HAZELNUT TORTE
1957 Marcobrunner Spätlese Rheingau



Half Moon visitors, Nicholas and Sandra Bruce; Cologne Cathedral in the distance.

WIESBADEN



Galley: Mr. Van Alen seasoning a steak.



Burg Eltville, a Rhineside castle.

Morning coffee at Strasbourg, with Patrick Forbes and Mrs. Harold Coolidge of Washington.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES AND CANDACE VAN ALEN

COMMERCY

NANCY

Dinner below in the Half Moon



LUTZELBOURG

STRASBOURG





Culotte and peignoir spell

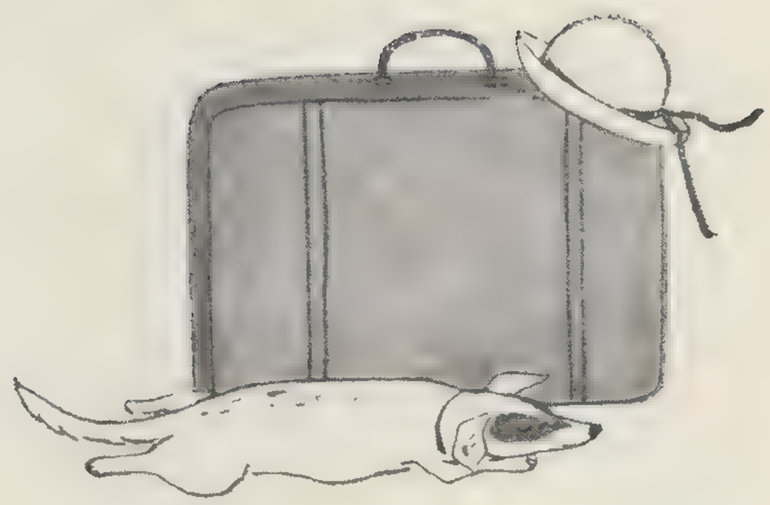
Light glinting in deep water—that's the look of sparkling nylon. Shown left, this newest Du Pont innovation in a full sail of peignoir, silver-toned and mauvey as *fin de siècle*. To go with the peignoir, culotte pyjamas that make a dashing change-break with the slim-pants tradition for at-home evenings. The culotte is of pink Du Pont nylon and silk. Both in Burlington fabrics, $120, at Elizabeth Arden. Matisse-like wallpaper from Karl Mann.

Strawberry lips

Right: Deepening the pink-mauve colour spell is Elizabeth Arden's new lipstick Fraises des Bois. The sunny, pungent red of strawberries growing wild in the country—that's the impact of the lipstick with nail lacquer to match. Another spring-summer natural here, the bell-cut coiffure, smooth, round, silky, and straight. All are at Elizabeth Arden.

WILLIAM BELL

The easiest summer



An effortless 7-to-12 wardrobe for summer anywhere—even in a suitcase

Coming up: the most effortless summer in history—for mothers and nannies, at any rate. Miracle fibres, our favourite Marvels of Chemistry, have made hand-washing, serious ironing, and starching about as obsolete as making ice cream with a hand dasher. Example: the young wardrobe here, for travelling or staying put; fresh, pretty, hard to rumple or muss, easy to "do up."

Left: Navy-blue dress of a new Dacron and cotton mix by Galey & Lord; white trimming. By Florence Eiseman; about $25. "Tote" sweater, a white cardigan of Orlon by Spur; about $8. Both, Bergdorf Goodman; Little Bramson's; Neiman-Marcus.

Right: Teal-blue cotton broadcloth, here happily allied with Dacron, in an easy little summer dress; white bibbed front, roomy pockets. The dress, in a Fuller fabric; about $23. At Bergdorf Goodman.

Below: A play suit that's far easier to keep clean, probably, than its wearer; blue-and-white striped fabric of Dacron and cotton by Galey & Lord, neatly zipped up the front. On the pocket, small red-white-and-blue flags. By Florence Eiseman; about $18. At Bergdorf Goodman; Little Bramson's; Neiman-Marcus. Bright-blue Keds by U. S. Rubber.

All the clothes on this page, also at I. Magnin.

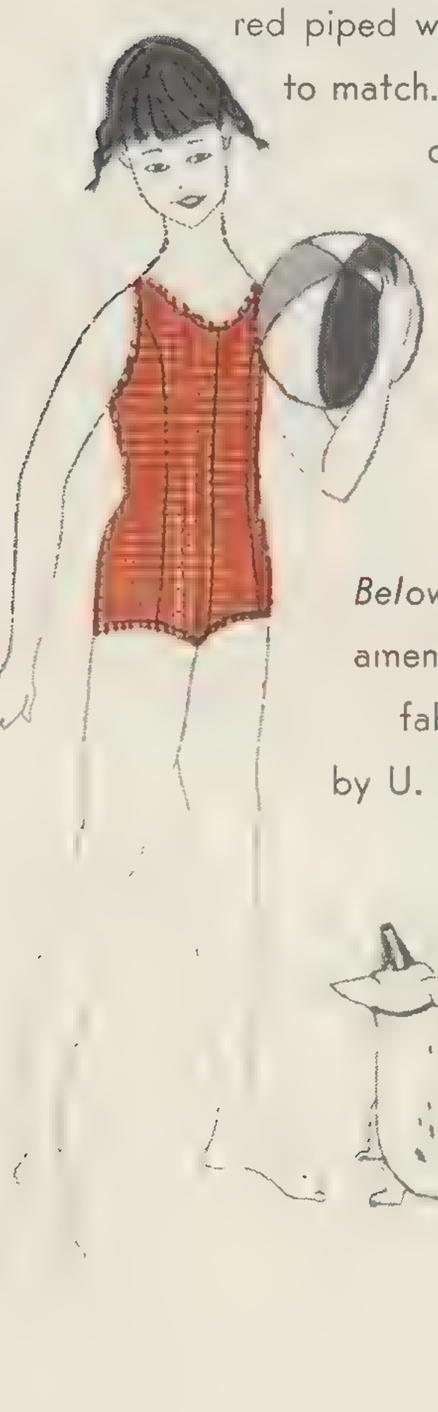


Above: The blazer—that summer stand-by—in bright-red piped with white, worn over a bright-red pleated skirt to match. Both, by Cromwell Mills, in Alamac's Thalspun, of Orlon and wool. Blazer, about $7; skirt, about $6. White shirt of Dacron-and-cotton, with roll sleeves; by Ship 'n Shore. About $3. All, at Altman's.

Left: Tank-type bathing suit (little girls look wonderful in them), of knitted Helanca nylon, in red-and-white checks. By Regal; about $5 at Best & Co.

Right: A summer party dress, checked in pink and white, that lets the ice cream fall where it may—it's of Dacron. Narrow white lace trimming. Dress, by Gail Berk; about $15 at Altman's; Hudson's.

Below: Though rain washed out the picnic, this raincoat will do much to make amends; it's pink, with giant pockets, a hat to match. Of Dacron and cotton fabric by Stevens, Zelan-processed; about $18. High rubber rain-boots by U. S. Rubber. All these clothes at Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin.









DRAWINGS BY MARY SUZUKI

The bathing suit that's a natural

Sleek and revealing, the new bathing suit demands a figure worth revealing—and that doesn't mean a routine average of measurements racked up by a movie agent; the shape that can wear a second-skin suit has a special limber grace that doesn't come in duplicate. Of light and silky knitted fibres, the suit flatters the individual form of the body, won't compromise with even a built-in brassière. It's a suit that's all out for naturalism and the soft, pure line, along with swimming freedom. *On the facing page:* A rust-coloured suit of knitted silk, sleek as a seal, with a skirt that clings like pants. By Avagolf, about $60, at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The white sea-cloud of beret is a version of the old-fashioned sand cap; by Emme. *On this page:* A classic tank suit that fits like a stocking; in red tricot of Chemstrand nylon. By Jantzen, about $8, at Altman's; Rich's; Meier & Frank. Tall-crowned, natural straw hat with the greatest slouch; by Mr. John. Sunglasses on both pages at Kobley & Stern.



MARY SUZUKI

Guidelines for the 1960 bias-cut fashions

The word here is supple: the lines are long, fluid, and the control is gentle. This, 1960 re-thinking touched off by the trend to bias-cut clothes, with their clingier fit. *Left:* White all-in-one, very slightly boned at the sides for a long, smooth line. Of elasticized jacquard nylon bobbinet and nylon Alençon lace; front, back panelling. By Cordé de Parie, about $25; at Bloomingdale's; The May Co., Los Angeles. *Below:* Featherweight girdle with bias-cut side panels that curve with the curve of the body—like the bias-cut clothes. Of white elasticized nylon; satin elastic panels, front and back. By Tru Balance, about $11. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field. *Near right:* The chemisette, a delicate white nylon lace shift for minimum control, maximum prettiness. There's light boning in the bodice, a nylon satin waist section; below that, a brief nylon lace skirt. The brassière has a plunge neckline, removable straps. Garters are detachable. By Triumph of Europe, about $40; nylon power net pantie girdle to match, about $17. Both: Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Far right:* White all-in-one, supple, boneless, with a bust section of nylon lace and nylon marquisette. Firming agents: elasticized jacquard nylon bobbinet; satin elastic front and back panels. By Lily of France, about $38; at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.









SCHATZBERG

One of the by-charms of the new unsleeved princess shapes: they're go-ahead signals for big, balancing hats like these—brimming leghorns that cast shadows where sleeves would ordinarily be. *Left:* Dippy-brimmed leghorn, its garden-party past pleasantly obscured by a worldly crush of coppery satin, tall sloped crown. (The sleevelessness it covers for: hyacinth silk, princess-shaped.) Sally Victor hat; also at Marshall Field. Dress, by Brigance of Grenelle-Roberts. $55. Napier bracelets. Both: Lord & Taylor. *Right:* In the leghorn shade, a pale-green linen princess dress without a sleeve or a collar, or an irrelevant line to its name, and a double lane of buttons zeroing in on a sheath-minded waist. By Brigance of Grenelle-Roberts, in Moygashel linen; about $55. At Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's. The leghorn sailor, green-banded, worn at a straw-hat tilt: by Emme. NoMend stockings. Shoes by Christian Dior-New York. Diedré Henna lipstick, also: Lord & Taylor.

Talk about princess . . . absence of sleeves, presence of hat

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL, AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY



WHAT'S FRESH TO DO AND SEE IN AUSTRIA—

gathered along Vogue's house-ideas route,
pages 137 to 144.

As fresh as mint after the winter wash of snow, Austria counts among the prettiest summer places. Through the Tyrol, many farmers are now opening their extra rooms to travellers, providing the room and good peasant meals for $2 or $3 a day. Farmhouse rooms are apt to have painted furniture and bright, minutely-patterned eiderdowns, with the bathroom down the hall; outside are the blue-green forests and flowering meadows spilling down the Alps, and clear blued air, so quiet that the tumble of streams and ringing of church bells seem almost deafeningly magnified. (Although everything is usually wet-clean, a farm is a farm and smells that way.) As if designed for touring productions of a single operetta, most Tyrolean villages look alike—cheerfully baroque, with steepled churches, women in flower-sprigged dirndls and blouses like white paper, houses with carved wooden balconies and fresco paintings of angels. Up through the mountains, the chair-lift cables spray out like magnified spider webs. For those not fond of farms, one alternative is a room and three meals in an Austrian castle or hotel at about $8 a day. In restaurants, a lunch or dinner is about $2.

To *eat and sleep in Salzburg —where the music is*

Salzburg, during late July and August, will be jammed, gala, and multilingual with crowds for the Salzburg Festival, opening July 26 with Herbert von Karajan conducting *Der Rosenkavalier* in the new *Festspielhaus,* a first-night sellout in March. (Note: John, the bar man who used to traffic in last-minute seats at improbable prices, is no longer at his old stand in the Goldener Hirsch Hotel.) Because hotel rooms are as difficult to come by as tickets during Festival time, reservations should be made ahead. Rooms at the Goldener Hirsch are furnished with antiques; in the dining room, waiters in grey Styrian suits serve delicious food, especially *salzburger nockerl,* a yellow fluff of dessert, at tables attractively covered with heavy linen cloths and set with green-and-white dishes.

A short drive from the city, Schloss Klessheim stands, distinctly baroque, in a park with tennis courts, a golf course, and a swimming pool. Two other hotels, both out of the city toward Hellbrunn, are the Kaiserhof, set like a country house among terraced gardens, and Maria Theresien Schlössl, a pleasant, simple castle in a mountain meadow.

Schloss Mondsee, less than an hour's drive from Salzburg near a lake warm enough for swimming, has the Castello Restaurant (see *opposite* and *page 139*) its vaulted white dining room splashed with strong colour—heavy yellow linen cloths on the tables, red-straw breadbaskets, brass bowls massed with country flowers; on one wall, hang straw trays filled with hats, tankards, and belts, looking like, but not, trompe l'œil. Steaks there are good, trout delicious, and the Mondsee cheese excellent.

Among Salzburg's good restaurants, the Eulenspiegel, on the left bank of the Salzach River, serves excellent grilled meats; Stieglkeller, a brewery built high on a steep lane, has inexpensive food and views of the Salzburg roofscape. Pleasant for tea or dinner, the terraces of the Österreichischer Hof face upon the river.

Although the best known place in town for a dry Martini is the Goldener Hirsch bar, Salzburg has a number of such small, pleasant places for drinks as Café Tomaselli, overlooking the old market place, or Café Bazar, a river-front garden. On the late shift, the Weinstube Schubert has good wines, particularly the chilled white Gumpoldskirchner, until 3 A.M. Both the Grand Hotel Winkler and the Parkhotel Mirabell have roof-top restaurants; the Winkler is best for dinner, with a view of the immense flood-lit fortress built by the Turnip Bishop, Archbishop Leonhard, whose crest bore *(Continued on page 147)*

Austrian and Bavarian house ideas: strong points that have verve, will travel →

For free translation, house ideas of sixteenth- to eighteenth-century Austrian and Bavarian ancestry start here and continue on eight following pages. None of these ideas is timid; any one of them, at this point in time, could make the trip to other decorating shores. At Munich's Amalienburg, the Electress Maria Amalia's exquisite eighteenth-century hunting lodge, a famous expression of the rococo lightness which was the culminating point of high baroque (in German, *Barock*) : *Top left,* in the Amalienburg Hall of Mirrors, a shimmer of reflections and the intricate pattern of silvered wood carving and stucco bas relief; *top right,* the Amalienburg kitchen, unabashedly tile all over. *Centre left,* a table setting splash of colour in the Restaurant Castello in the great hall of Mondsee castle near Salzburg, Austria. Tucked into the napkin on each straw mat, a fresh flower. *Centre right,* the restaurant's carriage entrance—under a vaulted stone ceiling on a stone parquet floor, linen-padded wood settees and stools. *Lower left,* an Austrian door-stopper: chevron stripes for the door, here at a garden cottage of the remodelled Kitzbühel house of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Kloiber. *Lower right,* the dining room of the new Kitzbühel chalet of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lippitt: over the seventeenth-century refectory table and its white suède-upholstered, high-backed chairs, a beamed ceiling, painted white and Pompeiian-decorated, a predilection of the Classic Revival period in the late eighteenth century. More: pages 137-144.

HORST

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING









"Peter!
I've found such
a wonderful new
modern pattern...
and it's in
sterling, too!"





3 pieces shown, only $18 6-piece place setting, $35 Federal Tax Included

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so gracefully modern...so obviously sterling!

New "Sentimental"*, by Heirloom Sterling is truly modern! Here is a graceful, subtle *simplicity* that leaves angular starkness as far behind as overdone ornamentation! It's a beautiful step forward in sterling design. And "Sentimental's" beauty is for every day . . . *because* it is sterling. The more you use it, the lovelier it becomes throughout a lifetime!

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Mauve and white with green shutters, the new Kitzbühel house of Prince and Princess Alexander Croy.

AUSTRIAN AND BAVARIAN HOUSE IDEAS— READY FOR TRAVEL



Princess Alexander Croy—her Kitzbühel house blends English furniture, Austrian architecture.

Inside and out, the spirit of Austrian and Bavarian houses is enthusiasm: baroque derring-do with paint and decoration on chairs, chests, and house fronts; leather and wood and tiles and stagheads used without inhibition; furs on scrubbed wood floors and peasant beds (the news in house furs is red fox); occasionally the now-in-revival charm of unrelieved blue and white.

In the clear air of the Austrian Tyrol, where bells, cow and church, break the mountain stillness, land is at a premium, and buying an old farmhouse, if a farmhouse-hunter is fortunate enough to find a buyable one, might involve such picturesque concessions as giving half the apples from ten trees to two neighbours, as it did in the case of Vogue's photographer, Horst P. Horst, whose favourite vacation spot is his seventeenth-century house at Oberndorf. In Kitzbühel, where until recently a hundred-year-old house was considered a newcomer, there are now a few really new buildings, most of them designed by a Viennese architect, Ernst Demar, who within a traditional framework succeeds in being inventively practical. In his houses he goes along with the centuries-old Tyrolean habit of raised stone hearths that one can sit on, sort of a warm-up bench idea that would be as attractive in the Berkshires as in the Alps. But he supplements this conventional heating with a modern system of his own: radiators sunk in floors, grilles over them. In Moos Wiese (Moss Meadow), a Demar-designed house shown *above*, mauve, wood, and balconied, with a typical spreading low-pitched roof and rainspouts, Prince and Princess Alexander Croy (he is Austrian, she is English) have teamed up English country furniture and chintz with Austrian country architecture. On the house he built for his own family, *lower right*, Mr. Demar painted a sundial, a take-off on the old ones that dot Tyrolean scenery. More Austrian and Bavarian house ideas on the next seven pages, and, on pages 45, 46, 52, with prices, some of the verve-y strong points, things big and small for the house, that have travelled and can be bought here, now.



Above, in the Kitzbühel house of the architect, Ernst Demar, an old armoire is now a drink and silver closet. *Below*, Mr. Demar and a sundial he designed for his house; in the distance, an unfinished Demar house, the balcony yet to be added.







At the Restaurant Castello in Schloss Mondsee, which belongs to the Almeida family, the Countess Micheline Almeida always wears the clothes of the region; here, a gold and black embroidered bodice with a silk brocade full skirt.



Baroque façade of silvery-grey on an Austrian tavern: around the door and windows, overscaled purple grapes with silver-green leaves; above the herringbone door, a gilded sign with grape bunch pendant.

AUSTRIAN AND BAVARIAN HOUSE IDEAS: STRONG POINTS THAT WILL TRAVEL

Deer, to Austrian and Bavarian hearts, means more in the house than venison. Deer leather, often roebuck, natural or bleached white, softly covers chairs and benches, and deer horns either jut out provocatively from the walls of farmhouses and palaces or sit all by themselves on tables. The heads that go with the horns never met up with a taxidermist. No moth-eaten moose, here. Though the antlers are real, the faces are not—they're painted on flat wood, or carved bone, or, as in the one shown *opposite*, sculptured wood. This great stag's painted head is mounted on an ornate baroque plaque at Babenhausen, the Bavarian castle of Prince Friedrich-Karl Fugger, a member of the great banking dynasty founded in the fourteenth century. In addition to developing the first newspaper in Europe and inventing bank cheques, the Fuggers built Fuggerei, the first housing project in the world. Mustard-yellow houses with red tile roofs and green shutters, this self-contained sixteenth-century village for Augsburg poor people still operates today at sixteenth-century prices: 41c annual rental for three rooms and kitchen. One Fuggerei building houses a museum of furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth century; the bedroom shown *below* is part of it.

Other Austrian and Bavarian house points that commend themselves for careful overseas adaptation: the frescoed façade, of which the grape and grey 1758 Gästhof Traube at Kundl, Austria, *above right*, is a stunning example—and, *below right*, the raised stone hearth idea—for a fast application of warmth, one sits on it right at fire level. This room is in the post-World War II lodge of Count and Countess Ferdinand Arco at Kitzbühel. (Note: a *Kitz* is a young chamois antelope, and a *Bühel* is the hill on which the deer run.)

Raised stone hearth in the Kitzbühel lodge of the Count and Countess Arco; around it, a settee and chairs covered in roebuck.

Right, in Augsburg's Fuggerei Museum, what an early Fuggerei bedroom might have looked like: four-poster bed with decorated canopy and feather-bed puff, painted armoire, and carved chair.

Opposite, over a staircase landing at Babenhausen, a Fugger country castle: seventeenth-century round hunting scenes and wrought-iron grilles flank a wooden staghead. In the stag's mouth, to indicate that the host shot him, a wooden carrot.







Above, a silver-haired beauty, Countess Franziska Wernberg with Elizabeth, her granddaughter, at a window of her small yellow stucco Salzburg farmhouse. The window's pediment is drawn in stone bas relief. *Below*, her front door, pale green and white, a baroque lantern above it, oleander bushes beside it.





A Prince still lives at Nymphenburg: Constantin of Bavaria

SOME PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THESE AUSTRIAN AND BAVARIAN HOUSES

Among the interesting people who live in these houses are Prince Constantin of Bavaria and the Countess Franziska Wernberg, who was Austria's Archduchess Fanny. Shown, *above left*, with her granddaughter, the Countess lives in a seventeenth-century house at Anif near Salzburg. Although the same man who built Salzburg's baroque pleasure castle, Schloss Hellbrunn, built this house, he worked on a much smaller scale. Square and yellow, and enclosed in a beautiful garden that the Countess designed herself, the house is often bright with her children and her grandchildren, and always filled with parcels en route to Hungary. Her mind a clearing-house of information on what's needed by which Hungarians, the Countess collects contributions, clothing, and household things from all over the world, sorts out the take to meet the specific requirements of each recipient across the border.

Quite different is the modern house of Prince Constantin who lives by agreement with the Bavarian government on the grounds of Nymphenburg, that great assortment of palaces built at Munich by his Wittelsbach ancestors. In a garden back of the Nymphenburg Porcelain Works, Prince Constantin, who is a lecturer and a columnist for a Munich newspaper, has his contemporary house, with almost all contemporary furniture except for old family engravings and some historic family antiques.



Left, Princess Gabrielle Liechtenstein, and, *below*, her big, balconied, white Salzburg farmhouse, a recent purchase which she is remodelling. She plans to convert to a loggia the wooden barn's lower storey, stone, vaulted—where the cows lived.



Right, standing beside a portrait of a Münster ancestor, Countess Paul Münster, a tall, elegant Englishwoman, who with her husband divides her time between England and this house in Kitzbühel. To it she has introduced some wonderful English pieces, and rare-for-Austria but quite compatible chintz.







Among house ideas ready to travel from Munich's Nymphenburg—a complex of palaces, gardens, and sporting pavilions where Electors and Kings of Bavaria spent full summers, and German High *Barock* reached full bloom—the clean look of blue and white. In the main room of the Pagodenburg, above *top*, Nymphenburg gambling headquarters built in 1716, there's blue and white in a dozen ways, a dozen shades, on the tiled walls, the porcelain chandelier, the woodwork. Blue and white painted furniture is covered with blue and white brocades. At the Amalienburg, the ravishing Nymphenburg hunting lodge designed in 1734 by that talented Walloon dwarf, François Cuvilliés, for the Electress Maria Amalia, even the dogs met up with blue. For the kennel room, Cuvilliés provided delicious blue-on-white details, and a corner porcelain stove to heat the dog stalls, shown directly above. (Other celebrated Amalienburg blue rooms, the Delft-tiled kitchen and the Hall of Mirrors, appear on the Fashions in Living cover.) In the retiring room, *right*, blue flowers grow on snow-white walls around brilliantly-coloured and beautiful bird paintings.

HORST

VOGUE, APRIL 15, 1960



The entrance hall, vaulted white plaster; on its polished terra-cotta floor, a Tyrolean cradle of flowers. New double doors are copies of baroque ones.

NEW TYROLEAN HOUSE— GRAND SCALE COUNTRY LOOK

Melnhof, a 1959 country house in Kitzbühel, conforms to the regional mores that all new buildings merge attractively with Tyrolean architecture. Designed by the architect Ernst Demar for Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lippitt, this new house is frankly luxurious, a gathering of the most delightful Austrian country comforts.

Mr. Lippitt is Belgian, Mrs. Lippitt was born in Austria the Baronin Franziska Mayr-Melnhof. With their six children, the Lippitts spend part of the year in Brussels, part at Melnhof, where their life is cosmopolitan and well-accessoried. Many-roomed and rambling over its hillside site, the house knows an abundance of fascinating variety. Seventeenth-century furniture and paintings from Mrs. Lippitt's father's castle appear alongside such Tyrolean trademarks as shooting sticks, hats, and painted cradles filled with plants and flowers. Off a room formal with red carpet, velvet chairs, gold mouldings, will come one with scrubbed wooden tables, farm kitchen chairs, stagheads, and bear skins. In fresh yellow or blue bedrooms, plump red fox fur quilts are tossed on flower-painted peasant beds. The dining room, shown on the Fashions in Living cover, has prune-red walls, white accents in the ceiling and the leather upholstery, a polished parquet floor of dark wood framed in light strips. In sharp contrast, the living room (corner shown *right*) has white walls, dark accents, parquet floor of light wood framed in dark strips. The doors of a huge inlaid eighteenth-century armoire open to reveal radio, hi-fi, and TV; the extension speaker shares a corner cabinet with a fine porcelain collection. The well-ordered peasant look of Melnhof might apply now, anywhere.



Stone fireplace, old wood mantel, peasant bench

Left, Mr. Lippitt's study: small and important with magnificent Gothic wood carving, cowhide panel walls, a seventeenth-century writing table; the door is leather padded for soundproofing. *Right*, a covered porch for outdoor dining. On the polished brick floor, scrubbed wood farm chairs and table. Over the mantel of the raised stone fireplace, an ancient marble fragment, bear skin and stagheads.





HORST

Above, living room corner with a blue-green door, its flower panels outlined in golden rope. On the carved table, blue glass flasks, a clock in baroque wood. *Left*, from the terrace of the natural wood and white plaster house, the lawn slopes down to a water garden. *Right*, an enclosed stair well, olive green velours runner; red velvet rope swagged through brass rings for railing. Typically Tyrolean, the ceiling's fretwork pattern is formed by the cut-out risers of the stairway above.





House and barn, once burned-out, remade into vacation place



Mrs. Kloiber dressed for a Kitzbühel *après ski* evening; dirndl bodice and dirndl skirt, apron, and full complement of jewellery.



A hall closet: on carved grey-green wooden doors, lacy hinges and rare engravings of Vienna's Lipizzaner horses.

REMODELLED TYROLEAN FARMHOUSE: RED, WHITE, AND WOOD

Standing on a grassy slope with the Alps in its back yard, this remodelled Kitzbühel farmhouse combines the airy assets of a summer place and the warm charms of a ski lodge. Owned by Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Kloiber of Vienna, the house has the traditionally-attached wooden barn, which rooms guests in its upper storey, houses cars and service section in its lower. Red chevron-striped shutters and doors slash through the whiteness of the stucco house; painted-on grey and white *grisaille* fakes classic pediments over the windows. Inside, the house's simplicity is rich with wood in many textures—carved, scrubbed, unpainted, lightly painted, and with the inventive use of old Austrian things. Benches have been made from balustrades and covered with white padded leather, carved wood doors dressed with baroque ironwork, a counter for drinks made from an old chest, a bottle pantry from a black safe. There is a slate-topped peasant gaming table for bridge; antique wing chairs have been cushioned with white roebuck suède. The whole look is well-seasoned and hardy—this is clearly a holiday house, its beauty in sly bits.



In the dining room: an arched niche for an Austrian pewter collection; balustrade benches, scrubbed bone white, with pads of natural leather.

Drink serving counter: an old chest with back removed. Set in wall behind it, a black iron safe for bottles.



Separating the long main room's living and dining sections: a great white stucco stove, framed in unpainted wood, studded with green pottery medallions. Beyond it, a heavy wood trestle table surrounded by banquettes with soft natural leather pads and leopard plush cushions, two "X" benches, leather-slung. The curtains are linen, printed with russet-brown fleurs-de-lis, the floor polished wood.



HORST

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IS THEIR HOTEL

(Continued from page 113)

sculpture in all states of preservation, lamps, et cetera—some catalogued, some not, but all the target of study, observation, and probable cataloguing. Working over some great undecorated vessels was Lucy Talcott, assistant to Homer Thompson, and an authority on Greek pottery. Her preoccupation at that moment was not the handsome decorated variety, but kitchen stuff, the pots and pans used for cooking. In a quick voice, deep with charm, she remarked that reporters from *Paris-Match* had recently enlisted her help in reconstructing the dinner table for Themistocles as it might have been the night before the Battle of Salamis.

Nearby, Evelyn Harrison, who is the Agora's sculpture mind, showed us what she thought was the mate to "the hand of God." And as we made for the elevator (a modern sneak hidden away in the building's insides), Lucy waved a hand at rows of terra-cotta amphorae five feet tall, saying, "Those are Virginia Grace's wine jars." We stopped long enough to examine the small identifying seals on the handles, significant because they show the country of origin, often duplicating coin faces from the same place, revealing significant facts about ancient trade routes and economic climates.

Upstairs in the shadow of the Ionic columns that line the second storey of the Stoa, a long Mad Hatter-size table was set for tea, and I met for the first time the cast of archaeologists at the Agora, an intimidating though not-to-be-missed experience. The stiletto Greek journalist, Eleni Vlachos, once said of these men and women, they "regard the twentieth century rather in the manner of a hotel. One stays, eats, and sleeps there, but all one's enjoyable, worthwhile existence is spent elsewhere, in more colourful and dignified times."

When we sat down with our tea—poured from a dormouse-sized teapot by Lucy—the lean and elegant type we'd seen before was engaged in measuring the length of his torso with a carpenter's steel tape, the idea being to determine whether the torso unearthed by Dorothy Thompson was colossal or merely life-size. It was a telling indication of the amount of mathematics usually disguised by the glamour of digging. (Also, I was amused to read some months later that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., rarely stirred without a tape measure in his pocket.)

"How does a dig begin?" I wanted to know. Part of the answer was that it starts with the Greek Ministry of Education, the official grantor of permission to spade Greek soil. Not surprisingly this knot of red tape came into play because of the cavalier habits of early antiquities hunters—Elgin, who made off with the famous Elgin marbles; Schliemann who did the Turks out of what he supposed was the gold of Troy.

Legally, everything extracted from the earth belongs to Greece, and to have a convenient check on matters, the government limits each foreign school to three digs a year—attaches a Greek observer to each of them. Looting is now, however, so terribly out of fashion (infra dig, one might say) that such supervision, more often than not, takes the form of friendly cooperation between the foreign excavators and their Greek hosts. For the American School in Athens this year, the three digs were at Samothrace (under the auspices of New York University), at Corinth (under the American School) and at Isthmia (sponsored by the University of Chicago).

But what about the real digging? Did they do that thrilling thing of poking a tiny camera down a hole first? Or anything?

A tremor of slight pain flickered briefly in that lean and elegant face. With a prehistoric mound or an untapped mound, exploratory trial trenches were necessary, he explained, but in Greece this is fairly rare. The combination of surface remains and literary evidence usually determines promising sites. At the Agora, for instance, the nature and general location of the site was known and some digging had been done in the section near the Temple of Hephaistos in 1896, so it seemed wise to resume there when the American crew took over in 1931. (As it developed later, the Agora lay in a slightly different position than was originally anticipated, but the plan was, on the whole, fortunate.)

"It's really like washing a kitchen floor," put in Dorothy

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EUROPE BY FISHING BOAT

(Continued from page 123)
overlooking the Palace of Charles V: Dutch smoked salmon, a Chateaubriand steak, delicious pale-pink peaches, and Bols Framboise. My husband discovered Schimmelpennichks, the good local cigars, but the two of us could find no cheese in this capital of Limburg Province.

Floating on, we lunched next day in Belgium, high on a Liége hilltop at the Restaurant Clou Doré. There we met up with the local Vautem strawberry, big as a plum, deep red clear through. Eighty cents bought four pounds to add to the food fascinations in the Half Moon's galley.

Inspiration struck in the town of Huy (pronounced *whee!*). Why not rent a bathtub? Many hotels along the route could say "Van Alen Bathed Here."

Usually the Half Moon moved from 6:30 in the morning, when the locks opened, until closing time at 7:30 P.M. Almost every morning found us up on deck, where we weren't needed, but the busyness of the first lock was not to be missed. Hans brought us cups of strong Dutch coffee, and, wrapped in warm coats, we watched the mist rise from the river. We returned below for an early dip in the red plastic dishpan, dressed,

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IS THEIR HOTEL

(Continued from page 145)
Thompson. "Everything depends on how you can get the dirt out. Never cut yourself off from your truck." Then she added: "Of course, it's best to remove the entire modern fill before doing anything, and then go down one whole level before digging any pits. We're digging pits now like the one you saw with my seventh-century pots."

By this time Homer had reluctantly come in from the dig, where he lingered long after everyone else, and joined us. He addressed himself briefly to his tea, then said with an alert flash of blue eyes, shooting out beneath a luxuriance of grey hair, "It's an insidious business. Really, it ought to be an innocent pastime. However, some of us are men of great self-control. I understand they stopped the dig at Corinth last Saturday at the Byzantine level, but it's a great temptation to get down to the Roman things, and then, of course, the Greek."

Unlike many digs, which are summertime things, the Agora runs twelve months a year, functioning as "a centre of Athenian archaeology." As field director, Homer Thompson spends the summer months and one semester of the academic year on location. About a dozen people, plus technicians (pot menders, dark-room assistants—everything is photographed—model builders, et cetera) make up the regular staff, which is constantly supplemented by students, usually from the American School, and visiting scholars or informants. Marie Farnsworth, who comes under the latter category, is classified in Agora jargon as a "tame chemist" although her temperament is friendly-tiger and recognized as such.

As described by Lucy Talcott, a proper archaeological operation is three-pronged—excavation and the cataloguing of finds come first; then study, analysis, and publication; and, finally, proper maintenance of the site and the objects recovered. At the Agora, the digging is now almost over and publication is in full swing.

Still very much in work are such things as a study of lamps which, to trained observers, yield an astonishing gush of information about the history of religion.

A spate of numismatists works more or less continually on coins, which rank second to pottery as a useful dating mechanism. Of over 100,000 found in the Agora, four were gold, and three hundred silver; their origins, Greek, Roman, Islamic.

Naïvely, I had always assumed that inscriptions must be important evidence of dates. It had to be pointed out to me that this bonanza only happens when an inscription is firmly stuck on to something—a building or the base of a statue for instance. However, inscriptions have other uses, and some seven thousand associated with the Agora are looked into by an epigraphist headquartered at Princeton, presently one of the world's best centres for this work which is done mainly from photographs and squeezes.

With a well-all-this-is-very-technical manner, Homer switched to another charm-track. "We used to measure our progress by the dirt output, but ours is very small now—about fifteen to twenty truckloads a day. Each truck takes away about four cubic metres, and the cost works out to over $2 a load." In answer to his profound depression over this, I could only offer the small comfort that it costs a New York householder $25 for less distinguished dirt.

Although I know that money in its larger phases is not a favourite subject with archaeologists, I was unable to resist a further thrust into the wound. Beyond the north rim of the Agora, under a stretch of city crowded with houses—I could almost see them from where we sat—the famous Painted Stoa of the Greek philosophers lies ripe for the spade. Were there plans?

The answer was no. First there are responsibilities to complete every detail of the present exploration, including at least the major chunk of publications. This is the unwritten obligation that dogs the heels of everyone who has the courage to call himself a dirt archaeologist. There is, besides, the mildly staggering fact that it would be necessary to have in hand a not-too-cool million and a half dollars in order to embark on the acquisition of the land, to demolish the buildings and make a reasonable start at digging.

On the whole this seemed modest. $1,500,000 to uncover the Stoa for which stoics were named, possibly its famous paintings of Marathon, possibly. . . . Doubly modest, this million or so, since we had heard at a cocktail party the night before that five million would be needed to tear apart the handsome Athens stadium and modernize the track for the 1960 Olympics, a project which will actually obliterate some minor but impressive archaeological remains.

However, lacking millions, I expressed warm interest and crept off in the direction of the twentieth century. Leaving, I looked across the marble puzzle at the Temple of Hephaistos, dark and mystic in the blued twilight, then up at the Acropolis, and to my chagrin was struck unexpectedly by Lady Mendl's mot when she first bent her falcon eye on the Parthenon, "My favourite colour, beige!"

WHAT'S FRESH TO DO IN AUSTRIA

(Continued from page 134)

a turnip to show his peasant birth. Clustered below the fortress are the great music halls and the tall burgher houses, their pastel walls banded with arcaded passages.

Nice for luncheon, the roof terrace of the Mirabell overlooks the water-sprayed gardens of Schloss Mirabell, built in 1606 for Salome Alt, mistress to the Medici bishop, Wolf Dietrich. (In its park stand statues of dwarfs the bishop knew and liked.) Built by another seventeenth-century bishop, Schloss Hellbrunn, outside town, has the famous garden of water works.

Bad Gastein—still the creamiest of cures

At Bad Gastein, the famous curative waters roar down mountain slopes into the centre of town in one hot (110 degrees), noisy cataract. At the end of a wishbone valley, ringed with mountains and screened by forests, Bad Gastein has been for centuries a magnet for the exhausted, the rheumatic, and the nervous; the usual twenty-one-day cure involves thermal baths as well as exercise, which means pleasant mountain walks.

Flower-bordered promenades lead to the mountain trails, padded with pine needles and spattered with Alpine flowers. One beginner's-length walk goes along the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Promenade through pine forests to the Grüner Baum, a hotel with heart-traced shutters, a swimming pool, and, in the dining room, delicious trout from nearby streams. The classic stroll, less than an hour, follows the Kaiserin-Elisabeth-Promenade to the village of Böckstein, a former mining town where the draw is no longer gold, but the new gold-mine cure. (Guests in bathing suits are hauled, in converted mine lorries, deep into the rocky galleries to absorb prescribed amounts of radiation.)

Because Bad Gastein limits traffic—except for fiacres—to a few streets, the town is webbed with flower-edged lanes for walking. Built next to the falls in 1509, the Hotel Straubinger, where Franz Josef used to stay, has a terrace restaurant where everyone shouts over the roar of the falls. Quieter, the immense, stone, grand-manner Kaiserhof has good service and sweep-of-the-valley views from large rooms. Further up the mountain, on the fringe of the forest, stands the Haus Hirt, old, sprawling, and dark-brown with painted rococo shutters. A few casinos are lively, and bar-life is apt to include yodelling; in restaurants, beef is good, especially the *tafelspitz*.

Around Kitzbühel—the pastoral life, comfortably

At Kitzbühel, life is rather like a long relaxed picnic. In town, there is the thirteenth-century Goldener Greif Hotel, some of its rooms facing the steep slash of the Wilder Kaiser Mountains. Just outside town, there are a good course for golfing, flowery meadows for picnicking, and, a short walk from the Goldener Greif, Lake Schwarzee, a pine-rimmed resort with cabañas and a restaurant. Although it mirrors snow peaks, the lake is warm; at its far end stands Seewirt, a quiet, well-run hotel. New for country luncheons or dinners, Stanglwirt, a farm-house high in the mountains, has several diverting pleasures—among them, delicious peasant food served at long wooden tables, and the way that Anna, the inn's keeper, yodels while her husband plays a guitar and a friend plays a harmonica.

A ten-minute walk from town, the Tennerhof, its wooden balconies massed with flowers, stands near a swimming pool on a slope of lawn. Each bedroom has antique furniture painted with baroque angels and the heads of cherubs. Further out from Kitzbühel is the tenth-century Schloss Itter, an immense, moated, *opéra bouffe* castle on a green cliff. Among its gardens and terraced lawns, deer graze. The rooms, most with fireplaces and balconies, have oversized beds with striped blue-and-white spreads; meals are excellent. South of Kitzbühel, Gasthaus, the inn on the grounds of the Schloss Club Mittersill, has a houseparty *ambiance* and a handful of simple bedrooms, for which reservations are indispensable; the St. Hubertus Inn, halfway between Kitzbühel and Salzburg, serves fine trout from its own streams.

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THE COLIN COLLECTION

Notes about the paintings and sculpture shown on pages 108-111

A passionate scholar in the arts with an extraordinary memory, both visual and verbal, Ralph Colin undertook for his own pleasure the organizing and writing of the full catalogue of the Colin collection, facing each of the one hundred and thirty-two photographs with a page of text. On those pages, he gave not only the full provenance, the various exhibitions, and the references about each work, but also information and quotations, often specific ones about the works, rather than just the artist. Here, excerpts from his notes and quotations on each of the works shown in Vogue.

"VIOLIN AND GUITAR" BY JUAN GRIS. Of this painting, James Thrall Soby in *Gris* wrote: "In August, 1913, Gris and his wife joined Picasso at Céret near the Spanish border. . . . During his month at Céret he worked superbly, producing such works as the 'Violin and Guitar,' which he describes in a letter to Kahnweiler as his own favourite up to that point. . . .

"The 'Violin and Guitar' of 1913 is daring in colour. But its pyramidal maze of forms based on musical instruments is compelling. Indeed, the taut, elegant and inevitable contours of the violin had more persistent meaning for Gris than for his fellow-cubists."

"LE PETIT LANCE" BY EDOUARD MANET. In his notes on this Manet, Mr. Colin wrote: In 1856, Manet had haunted the museums in The Hague, Amsterdam, Dresden, Munich, and Vienna, and then in Florence, Rome and Venice. But although Manet did not actually visit Spain until August of 1865, it was the influence of the Spanish masters which appeared first in his paintings.

Not only the subject matter of such works as "The Spanish Guitar-Player," "The Spanish Ballet," "Lola de Valence," "Young Woman in Spanish Costume," "Young Man in the Costume of a Majo" and "The Dead Toreador" (all done before 1865) but also the manner of painting evidence Manet's regard for the Spaniards —especially Velasquez. That regard for a tradition appears clearly in this portrait of the Lange boy done in 1861-62.

Traditional—almost "old-masterly"—as these paintings appear to us today, they were refused at the Salons and ridiculed when shown at a private pavilion at Place de l'Alma during the Paris World's Fair in 1867. Georges Bataille in his *Manet* wrote that it was reported that "husbands drove their wives up to the Point de l'Alma. Feeling it was too fine an opportunity to pass up, they came to treat themselves and their families to a good laugh.

"Every 'self-respecting' painter in Paris turned up at the Manet Exhibition. They all went wild with laughter. . . . All the papers without exception followed their lead." But those times, too, had their Alfred Barrs. Zola wrote. "Our fathers laughed at Monsieur Courbet, and today we go into ecstasies over him. We laugh at Monsieur Manet; it will be our sons who go into ecstasies over his canvases." Because of such views, Zola was discharged as an art critic.

"CONFIGURATION IN SERPENTINE MOVEMENTS" BY JEAN ARP. Of this sculptor, Carola Giedion-Welcker wrote in "Arp: An Appreciation," in the book *Arp*, edited by Soby: "Arp's symbolic language appears to express the principles of growth and continuous transformation that one finds in nature. Thus, he gives shape to the dreams of mankind. It is as if nature herself, and the circumstantial facts of physical existence, had formulated their own language of expression in the profound depths of consciousness."

"NUDE WITH NECKLACE" BY AMEDEO MODIGLIANI. Of Modigliani, James Thrall Soby once wrote: "Modigliani's most ambitious paintings are his nudes—those images of women lying naked, aggressive and pleased, the tension of frank moment in their faces and animal pride. They are in fact the nudest of nudes, the absolute contradiction of Redon's dictum: 'The painter who paints a nude woman, leaving in our mind the idea that she is going to dress herself immediately, is not an intellectual.' "

"THE POETESS" BY JOAN MIRÓ. Of Miró, Mr. Colin wrote: On the fall of France, Miró went to Palma, Mallorca, now his permanent home. At the time the war broke out, he had "felt a deep desire to escape" and, as he later reported to James Johnson Sweeney in an interview, "I closed myself within myself purposely. The night, music, and the stars began to play a major rôle in suggesting my paintings."

Of this period, James Thrall Soby in *Joan Miró* wrote: "It must be admitted that seldom in his career has Miró achieved a more intricate compositional balance than in the 'constellations,' of which three of the finest are 'The Poetess,' 'Awakening at Dawn,' and 'Beautiful Bird Revealing the Unknown to a Pair of Lovers.' The series as a whole is extraordinary in quality, and nearly all its pictures have the signature of total conviction. These paintings also have impressive carrying power for works executed on so small a scale; the tiny forms interlock and unravel with a delicious inevitability. . . ."

HANIWA "FIGURE OF A WARRIOR." Of this kind of Japanese relic, Noma Seiroku in *The Art of Clay* wrote: "The Haniwa are the clay relics . . . uncovered from the immense tombs of prosperous grandee families of the 3rd to 6th centuries."

"VARIATION SUMMER" BY ALEXEI VON JAWLENSKY. Mr. Colin wrote: The First World War broke up the *Blaue Reiter* group and sent Jawlensky to Switzerland, where he remained until 1921. Of this period, during which the "Variations" were painted, Bernard S. Myers in *The German Expressionists* wrote: "There he dropped many of his artistic contacts as time went on and took refuge in an increasingly mystical and religious outlook, an attitude not altogether inconsistent with his background.

"As early as 1917 in Switzerland, this transition from the pre-war sensually coloured forms to his post-war mystical orientation had become apparent. A batch of delicately tinted landscapes called 'Variations' done on Lake Geneva, was followed by a series of mystic heads, Saviour faces, and finally abstract heads. His often-repeated saying that 'Art is longing for God,' became the *leitmotiv* for the rest of his work."

"PORTRAIT OF A BOY IN BLUE" BY CHAIM SOUTINE. Of this painting, Monroe Wheeler wrote in *Soutine:* "In the 'Portrait of a Boy in Blue,' a powerful, true portrait, a speaking likeness, the method of portrayal is by accumulation of tiny patches of colour, one impinging on the other, close in value, seeming to fuse or melt together."

"LE RATAPOIL" BY HONORÉ DAUMIER. Of this bronze, Mr. Colin wrote: This, the most famous of Daumier's sculptures, portrays the same cynical and mercenary recruiting agent who appeared in so many of Daumier's drawings and lithographs.

Jean Adhémar, in *Honoré Daumier,* wrote of this sculpture: "We know that Michelet, unacquainted with Daumier, went to visit him in his studio and 'fell on his knees' before him praising him for his 'admirable ability as a draughtsman, his genius as a thinker, his power to be just.' Then, seeing the statuette that Daumier was working on he cried in enthusiasm, 'Ah! You've caught the enemy now! That's it! The Bonapartist idea forever pilloried by you!' "

"GUITARIST" BY HENRI MATISSE. Of this painter's "Dark Period" between 1901 and 1904, Alfred H. Barr, Jr., wrote in *Matisse:* "Matisse has not much lightened his palette in the 'Guitarist' . . . a small canvas of his wife costumed as a Spanish guitar player, but the painting is altogether livelier than the severe 'Carmelina' or the dour 'La coiffure.' "

"BOTTLE OF RED WINE" BY PIERRE BONNARD. Of this painter, John Rewald in *Pierre Bonnard* wrote: "In spite of all the knowledge accumulated over more than fifty years, his art sprang still less from things he had learned than from the ones he carried within himself, from his ability to absorb the spectacle of nature and to re-create it according to the logic of his imagination. He continued to observe incessantly, and for him to observe still meant to enjoy.

"But there was more than mere enjoyment behind his art, more than just subtlety, good nature and sometimes humour. He achieved the power of those who devote all their abilities to a unique goal, and the serenity that

eventually crowns single-minded effort."

"CITY SQUARE" BY ALBERTO GIACOMETTI. Of Giacometti's series of city squares, Herbert Read in *The Art of Sculpture* wrote: "Alberto Giacometti, who for the past twenty years has concentrated on the development of a linear sculpture, uses plastic line both to express movement and to create a conception of space. His early works in this medium, about 1932-34, were often in the form of 'projects' for a city square or 'place' and consisted of the outlines only of buildings with one or two symbols for human beings or birds suspended within the scaffolding.

"More lately Giacometti dispenses with the buildings and creates an impression of space simply by the disposition, on a platform, of linear symbols for human figures, instinct with movement."

"THE JUDGE" BY GEORGES ROUAULT. Of "The Judge," Mr. Colin wrote: The work is rare, if not unique, in that Rouault presents this Judge as a jolly soul whose red nose indicates his love of wine and the glint in whose eyes testifies to a probably equal attachment to women and song.

"CÉRET, ROOFTOPS" BY GEORGES BRAQUE. Henry R. Hope wrote in *Georges Braque:* "The sculptor Manolo, a friend of Picasso's, lived at Céret, a small town on the French side of the Pyrenees and at his suggestion several of the group decided to spend the summer of 1911 there. This produced such a flourishing of new painting that Maurice Raynal later called Céret the 'Barbizon of Cubism.'... Braque and Marcelle Lapré found an apartment.... The paintings of both artists now developed such a shallow depth that the volumes, instead of receding, gave the illusion of rising like relief sculpture away from a background that remained close to the surface of the canvas. Because of its crowded, shut-off space this was sometimes called 'hermetic cubism.'"

"SYMPHONY IN RED" BY EDOUARD VUILLARD. Andrew Carnduff Ritchie wrote in *Vuillard:* "Having explored to his complete satisfaction the extreme possibilities of the redness of red, the greenness of green, the blueness of blue, and having 'assembled' his colours in a striking variety of orders, retaining to the full the flatness of his panel or canvas, he [Vuillard] proceeded to explore as early as 1893, in what one feels is a Mallarméan spirit, the mysterious possibilities of an infinite gradation of colour hues to extract thereby the subtlest overtones, the essential perfume of intimate objects and activities in and about his home."

"HORSE" BY MARINO MARINI. Of Marini, James Thrall Soby wrote: "Marini's voice is one of the deepest and clearest in the newer European art scene. . . . 'To surmount the great accomplishments of the earlier twentieth century,' he [Marini] says, 'temperament is possibly more necessary than intelligence.' It is not Celini, and it is not for that matter even Donatello, of whom he makes one think. It is the late thirteenth-century artist—was it Giovanni Pisano?—who created the marvellous evangelical bull now in the museum at Siena. This is not to say that Marini's sculpture is mediaeval in style, but only that its eagerness, awe and intuitive strength are paralleled in the art of a more innocent and spiritual time."

"SEATED NUDE" BY HENRI MATISSE. Of Matisse, Alfred H. Barr, Jr., wrote: "Matisse produced rather little sculpture in 1908 and 1909 but two bronzes, the 'Two Negresses' and 'La Serpentine,' are among his best. A lesser piece, the 'Seated Figure, Right Hand on Ground' . . . is modelled with a surface so ridged and gouged that even in the bronze one feels the wet plasticity of the clay. The figure is apparently a study for the much larger 'Seated Nude' of about 1908."

"RESTRAINED GLOW" BY JOSEF ALBERS. Of Albers' series "Homage to the Square," of which this painting is one, George Heard Hamilton wrote: "Albers' 'Squares' are never at rest, they are never flat, they are always undergoing ceaseless transformation of size and shape and distance as the properties of colours in combination endlessly create different optical experiences. A new and unexpected dimension is given to many of the 'Squares' by changes in the character and kind of light in which they are seen. They are different in daylight from what they are at night, and those who have had the privilege of living with them know that they are not the same at twilight or at dusk."

"WOMEN'S PAVILION" BY PAUL KLEE. Of the work of Paul Klee, Alfred H. Barr, Jr., wrote: "[Klee] has been accused of being a 'literary' painter. For the person who still insists on regarding

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EUROPE BY FISHING BOAT

(Continued from page 146)

and had our proper breakfast: porridge, scrambled eggs, local breads, honey and jam.

One week out of Amsterdam, the Half Moon crossed the border into France, just north of Givet, a town of lilies and red roses with a high bridge across the Meuse. To travel French waters a *permis de circulation* is necessary. Regulations say it should be filed three to four weeks in advance, but, fortunately for us, this ruling was not strictly kept. What is important: the schedule of those canals closed for summer dredging. Called "chômage," this timetable is published each January. Last year the waterway through the Burgundy country was closed all July for cleaning.

A momentous event occurred in the small town of Le Chesne: we reached the watershed. Instead of going up in the locks, we now went down—and down, twenty-six locks in seven kilometres. Each lock had a drop of about eight feet, and when the water started to run out it was like pulling the bathtub plug.

As we chugged along, dropping from one lock to another, suddenly, with no warning, the Half Moon's iron gear handle broke in two, our first and only mechanical problem. Because it was Sunday, there was nothing to do but wait for the village blacksmith to start his forge Monday morning. Without the pause, we would not have discovered the sophisticated modern chapel on a hilltop over the old hamlet of Montgon. In the only local vehicle, a museum-piece Peugeot, we rattled off to spend the night at nearby Reims with Odette and Charles Henry Heidsieck. Dining in their penthouse next to Reims Cathedral, we faced floodlit gargoyles and flamboyant thirteenth-century Gothic spires. The next morning we explored the family champagne cellars, limestone quarries cut by Caesar's legions more than two thousand years ago.

We soon left for Paris. Our address there became the Port de Plaisance, a yacht landing of the Touring Club of France. Along with some fifteen boats, we were moored on the right bank of the Seine. A Touring Club membership costs about $2 yearly, the mooring charge is 80¢ a day, and for about $1 a day you can have a telephone installed aboard.

On a July Friday, with the larder full of delicacies from the great Paris grocer, Fauchon, we cast off, heading east across France to the Rhine.

Because on July 14, France's national holiday, no water traffic is permitted, we played tennis at Épernay's Club Nautique. That night we had guests for supper aboard—caviar from Petrossian in Paris, cold tinned ham from Holland, lettuce and tarragon from riverside gardens, French Camembert, ripe peaches and *langues de chat*, and, of course, the *vin du pays*, champagne.

Stopping under the cliff of the thirteenth-century town of Bar-le-Duc, we bicycled up to the Church of St.-Pierre to see one of France's greatest sculptures, the "Squelette," by Ligier Richier, made in 1544. The small stone skeleton holding its crystal-and-gold heart up to heaven seemed as contemporary as Dali.

Canalside shopping in Lorraine filled our bicycle saddlebags with new items: white Bar-le-Duc jam, as well as the usual red; *dragées*, candy-coated almonds; *madeleines; couronnes de pain; millefeuilles* filled with creamy ham and cheese.

When we saw the heavy traffic on the Canal de la Marne au Rhin, and the need to wait in line with barges before every one of its 178 locks, we realized that the time had come to apply for a *droit de priorité*. Half an hour after a telephone call to the *Département des Ponts et Voies Navigables*, our paper was delivered to us. Once a yacht could obtain a *permit de trematage*, which means literally "the right to pass a mast," but in the interests of democracy, this had been discontinued. However, with a fast boat and a time limit to its charter, a *droit de priorité* can be obtained to put you first in line at each lock.

Nancy is a lovely town, both for resting and sight-seeing. Admiring the food at the Capucin Gourmand, we asked the name of the butcher, who turned out to be Alexandre Dumas, a small, delicate grandson of the writer. M. Dumas stocked the Half Moon with superb steaks, *contre-filets*.

The boat went on ahead of us while we hired a car to visit, as Voltaire often had, Lunéville, the château of exiled King Stanislas of Poland. The canal took us through a section where bicarbonate of soda mines had been dug—strategically half-way between the *quiche Lorraine* of Nancy and the *pâté de foie gras* of Strasbourg.

We left the boat at Lutzelbourg to go off on a wine tour of Alsace. We lunched in Schirmeck at the Hôtel du Donon, where, in the windows, grape vines growing in pots looked like small lacy trees, and where we drank Gewurztraminer with our *torte de merti*, which is what Alsatians call blueberry pie. Driving into Colmar, we saw the Grünewald masterpiece, "The Isenheim Altarpiece." At Riquewihr, probably the prettiest wine town of all, flowers seemed to spring from every square foot of earth, and in each courtyard was piled the dowry of the daughter of the house: heaps of manure, stacks of roof tile and firewood.

That night we found the Half Moon hanging on the steep hillside in a cool pocket of water, waiting for locks to lift her down to Strasbourg and the Rhine below.

Each boat that enters the Rhine must pick up a pilot at the Strasbourg locks. An eight-and-a-half-knot current took us along the wide, flat river as fast as a racing sloop. So many river craft flew the Swiss flag that anyone who has travelled the Rhine knows that the Swiss Navy is no joke. Boats can follow the Rhine from the North Sea to Switzerland.

Captain Jens's days of leisurely steering the Half Moon with his feet on the wheel were over. The Rhine was a bustle.

Our first Rhine night, we stopped over at Mannheim, because it is near Heidelberg, and arrived by taxi for cold goblets of pink wine at a terrace café, overlooking the University.

Sharp at 7:30 the next morning our pilot got us underway; to the walled city of Worms, and Worms's stone cathedral where Martin Luther was placed under ban of empire; to Mainz, where Gutenberg was born.

A day or so later, we tied up at Bonn, just off the Hotel Königshof terrace, and went swimming with Evangeline and David Bruce in the American Embassy pool. The following morning the Bruce children came on board for a day on the Rhine and a visit to the Cologne Cathedral.

Less than two days ahead lay Amsterdam and the home berth of the Half Moon. Because we decided to let Captain Jens take her home alone, we moored her at the yacht club in Düsseldorf for the last time. That night we had our last dinner on board, finished our last pound of caviar, drank our last bottle of wine.

MANET TO ARP

(Continued from page 108)

eighteenth-century English silver and porcelains—all in rooms rich in colour; yellow in the living room, yellowy-green in the dining room with the big bronze Marini horse; pink with huge masses of red in the master bedroom with a beige and red-striped chaise longue under the orangey tones of the Modigliani. The house looks like the house of people who like art, books, music, and laughter.

In his introduction to his catalogue of the collection, done for this exhibition, Mr. Colin noted that the collection has been made "not only by my wife and myself but also by our son and daughter, now in their twenties. Early in their childhood they joined us in our interest in art, stimulated by our offer that they could each choose a painting of their own." Both chose a Soutine, ten-year-old Pamela the "Alley of Trees," twelve-year-old Ralph, junior, "Portrait of a Boy in Blue." Since then the young Colins have acquired, by gift and their own purchase, other works.

Mr. Colin added that "this group of paintings and sculptures is not truly a collection in any formal sense. It does not represent a cross-section of a period or a type of art. Many outstanding artists of the period are not represented at all, some others are sparsely represented, others represented perhaps to excess. But we were not under the obligations of a museum to be either fair or broad-minded. We bought only what my wife and I both liked. When we had the funds we bought what was then available. Under this system we missed many worthwhile works. For instance, my wife appreciated Klee much earlier than I did. . . .

"In one way this collection differs from many, in that it still includes every work, except one painting, ever acquired by us. One Soutine was traded toward the acquisition of a more important Soutine."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Colin have a profession; he is a corporation lawyer, she is a well-known interior decorator. Both go to their offices every day, neither brings work home. Mrs. Colin, a rather delicate-looking woman with a strong wit, definite opinions, and a deep interest in medicine, is a careful organizer, a perfectionist about details. She is president of the decorating firm of Talmey, Inc.

Born in Boston, she later went to Smith College and took her Junior year in Paris where she studied at the Sorbonne, and L'École du Louvre.

Several years after her marriage she passed the stiff examinations that allowed her to join the United Scenic Artists Local Union 829, and continued with her strenuous work at her office where she became known, among a variety of clients, for her sense of colour, and the gaiety of the rooms she designed. In 1950, on the establishment of the Visiting Committee of the Smith College Museum of Art, she went on the committee and for three years served as Chairman and on the Board of Counselors.

Unlike Mrs. Colin, Mr. Colin was born in New York City where his father, an occasional lawyer, was always a physician. After graduation from the Columbia Law School, Mr. Colin, a furiously active young man who could hardly keep track of his darting interests in rare books, in the law, and in music, spent his evenings helping to develop art theatres, primarily as a member of the board, with Eugene O'Neill, Robert Edmond Jones, and Kenneth Macgowan, of the Provincetown Theatre and the Greenwich Village Theatre. That interest in the theatre continues, but it has always competed with music. As a boy on an allowance, he spent his money at the Metropolitan Opera House, frequently, when his money ran low, standing throughout the long Wagnerian operas. Years later he joined the Board of Directors of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, served as a Vice-president.

All that, plus his thirty years as general counsel for Columbia Broadcasting and Columbia Artists Management, with his twenty years as general counsel for Columbia Records, has added enormously to his wide knowledge, far beyond the legal problems, in these fields.

In his study, where the family gathers, art and music are inextricably twined. There is usually a record on from their large collection. Above the phonograph-television set there sometimes hangs Juan Gris's "Book, Pipe, and Glasses," facing a large Picasso of a woman with a red pillbox hat. The room, with its dark-green walls, its Chinese chests, also contains the Matisse "Guitariste," a Miró, two Soutines, a small Schwitters collage on a table designed by Mrs. Colin, three Daumier busts, a Despiau bust, Rodin's "Head of Balzac," and a group of small sculptures that includes Hittite, Roman, and Chinese figures.

Some of these objects were first seen by Mr. Colin in a gallery when he was trying to get away from the problems of his wide stretch of clients. He has a habit of leaving his office, ducking into a gallery, taking a nip at the exhibitions on view, perhaps going into the art dealer's back room to see a new treasure, and then returning refreshed to his office.

A trustee of the Museum of Modern Art since 1954, he is on many of its committees, serves as Vice-chairman of the Collections Committee. Among his related activities—he is on the Visiting Committee of the Fine Arts department of Harvard as well as its Fogg Museum.

For years, the Colins have spent many Saturday afternoons at the galleries. Ten minutes after they went to the opening of the first Dubuffet exhibition in New York on January 7, 1947, they bought their first Dubuffet, the "Coffee-Grinder." They are enjoyers. In the foreword to the catalogue of the Colin collection, James Thrall Soby mentions the exceptional range of sensitivity, the broadening and enriching of the taste of the Colins, the diligent and scholarly approach, adding "they bring to their purchases not only instinctive flair, but comparative standards which allow them to recognize quality within quality, that is, to pick outstanding works by outstanding men. As a result, their collection abounds in such absolute jewels as Matisse's 'Guitariste,' to mention only one among many examples. . . . The collection has a depth and variety not often come upon in this era of sometimes unthinking or intolerant specialization. And quality ties it together without strain."

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THE COLIN COLLECTION

(Continued from page 149)

painting as decorative, or as surface texture, or pure, formal composition the accusation is just. But Klee defies the purists and insists, as do Chirico and Picasso, upon the right of the painter to excite the imagination and to consider dreams as well as still life material for their art. . . . Picasso's pictures often roar or stamp or pound; Klee's whisper a soliloquy—lyric, intimate, incalculably sensitive."

"SEATED BATHER" BY JACQUES LIPCHITZ. Analysing this sculptor's cubist period, Henry R. Hope wrote: "In the grim atmosphere of war-time Paris (1915-18) Lipchitz went to work with a devotion and frugality that is reflected in the austerity of the new style . . .

"In the sculpture which followed, Lipchitz began to show his grasp of the cubists' analysis and penetration of form. His figures were represented as if seen from many angles and perspectives, often with a richly broken up surface of deep and shallow facets. . . . Yet the subordination of parts to whole, and the over-all effect of agitated movement, conflicting with the sheer, static mass of stone gives these sculptures a quality that is unique in cubist art."

"VASE OF FLOWERS" BY PABLO PICASSO. Of Picasso's work in 1907, Roland Penrose wrote: "Sympathy for the violent expression and primitive strength of Negro sculpture came at a moment when Picasso was again preoccupied with the realization of solid forms on a two-dimensional surface. His thoughts were inspired by sculpture, but it was not until two years later that he turned his hand again to modelling. Before this happened, though he thought as a sculptor, he acted as a painter.

"Even in a still-life such as 'Flowers on a Table,' [An alternative title for "Vase of Flowers."] the flowers are endowed with such solidarity as to suggest the possibility of making a reconstruction in bronze. The planes, luminous with colour, are determined by strong outlines and heavy shading, a technique which suggests the fronds of a palm or the tattooed patterns on the naked bodies of Negro statues."

"STUDY FOR GIRL WITH CHEMISE" BY REG BUTLER. Roland Penrose wrote this of Butler's work: "Reg Butler's forms are basically human and like the human frame they are hollow. His earlier figures existed as linear shapes in wrought iron, united by interpenetration of the essential elements of their structure. More recently his mastery of other mediums leads him to present us with surfaces which hide the inner void but still leave us conscious of vital forms within. . . . The figures are not solidly based on earth but practise levitation."

"HEAD WITH LILAC NOSE" BY JEAN DUBUFFET. Here, an excerpt from Dubuffet's own rough notes, which he wrote in English, for a lecture: "What is strange is that, for centuries and centuries, and still now more than ever, the men of occident dispute which are the beautiful things and which are the ugly ones. All are certain that beauty exists without doubt, but one can not find two who agree about the objects which are endowed. And from one century to the next, it changes. The occidental culture declares beautiful, in each century, what it declared ugly in the preceding one. . . .

"This idea of beauty is, however, one of the things our culture prizes most, and it is customary to consider this belief in beauty, and the respect for this beauty, as the ultimate justification of Western civilization, and the principle of civilization itself is involved with this notion of beauty.

"I find this idea of beauty a meagre and not very ingenious invention, and especially not very encouraging for man. It is distressing to think about people deprived of beauty because they have not a straight nose, or are too corpulent, or too old. I find even this idea that the world we live in is made up of ninety per cent ugly things and ugly places, while things and places endowed with beauty are very rare and difficult to meet, I must say, I find this idea not very exciting.

"It seems to me that the Western man will not suffer a great loss if it loses this idea. On the contrary, if he becomes aware that there is no ugly object nor ugly person in the world, and that any object of the world is able to become for any man a way of fascination and illumination, he will have made a very good catch. I think such an idea will enrich life more than the Greek idea of beauty."

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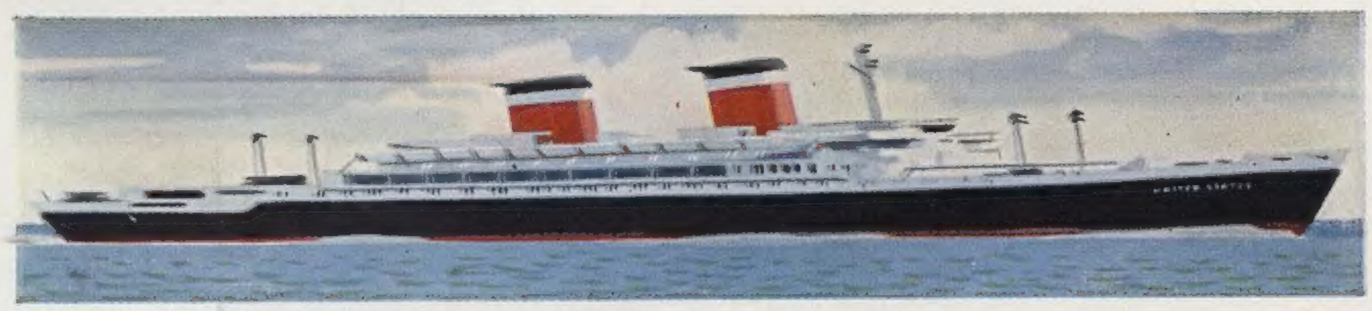
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